

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

“A HAPPY NEW YEAR.”

WE are all so much in the habit of uttering this wish, that we do it as a thing of course, never stopping to consider how much meaning there is in the words. When we wish our friends a “happy new year,” do we think how much it is in our power to make them happy? and do we resolve to be always kind, forbearing, and forgiving? Not more than one child in a hundred, and indeed we might almost say — no child, ever thinks of this; though he repeats the wish almost every minute, on the first day of January. In one sense, then, in the best sense, the child’s wish is not sincere: you all may, for the moment, really hope your friends will be happy; but then that is very little, if mingled with the wish is not the earnest resolution to make it for them, as far as it lies in your power, a happy year.

You think that you are but children, and that you can do but little to contribute to the comfort of any one. When your father comes home wearied with the toils of the day, even loud, noisy, boisterous play or talk

will sometimes trouble him; he has heard noise, bustle, confusion, all day, and he wants rest: even by so small a thing, then, as speaking in a gentle, quiet voice, you may do him good.

Your teacher has to talk a great deal in school, to explain and to give directions: this is often very wearisome. You can contribute to his comfort, then, by always attending the first time he speaks; so that his body may not be wearied by the exertion of talking, or his mind by thinking that he has to deal with inattentive, careless pupils.

You can do much to make your brothers and sisters and playmates happy: you can suppress the unkind word, which often leaves a sting behind; you can refrain from disputes and quarrels; you can answer reproaches mildly, and always observe the golden rule. By doing these things, you will indeed do your part towards making the year a happy one for your friends.

They will, no doubt, do much to make it happy for you. They are constantly contributing to your comfort and enjoyment; without them, you would be very helpless in the world: so one wish of ours for you is, that these may be spared to you, — that the love which is lavished upon you may be continued to you here, if God sees fit; but, if he should order otherwise, our wish is that you may feel that their departed spirits are watching over you.

God has spared you another year. He has opened the book of another year before you: you are accountable to him for the use of this time; and another wish which rises from our hearts to you is, that you may use it well. We care not how joyous and merry you are,

if your merriment is not at the expense of another's comfort: we would not cloud a future, which, when you grow older, will not seem so bright as now: we would not have one thought of sadness mar your New Year's Day; but we would that we might bring you all to see that the truest happiness, the best enjoyment, is in the faithful performance of duty.

We hope we shall succeed in doing our mite towards making the year happy. We trust our enigmas will furnish amusement for many a winter's evening, and our stories for many a rainy Saturday afternoon; and that every good thought in these pages may take root in your young hearts.

ED.

A RECORD.

KEPT BY AUGUSTA LINDSAY, AGED THIRTEEN, DURING HER LONG ILLNESS.

Wrong thought; Grumble.—I do declare, it is hard to have six doses of intolerable bitterness to swallow between morning and night. Nobody seems to pity me for it; but I pity myself all day long: when I am not taking the horrid stuff, I am dreading it. It is hard, whatever people may think.

Anti-grumble.—Three chaises at Mr. Carney's door! doctors' chaises! There's Doctor Clint's sulky. Oh, poor Mr. Carney! he is obliged to have a dreadful surgical operation, and they are at it now. Taking medicine is nothing to that; I desire to be thankful I am spared such a trial.

Grumble. — What stuff they do send up! my arrow-root is nothing but starch, and my chicken-broth has no taste at all; and I am tired to death of toast-water, and apple-jelly, and oranges, and grapes. I wish somebody would invent something new for sick people.

Anti-grumble. — My seamstress looked so wishfully at my grapes this morning, that I offered her a bunch: she asked if she might take them to her sister, who is in a consumption; so I began to ask questions. They are terribly poor, in a miserable boarding-house. All she could get yesterday for her sister's dinner was a slice of hard cold corned-beef, which she could not eat; and then the mistress said she was notional and dainty! I desire to be thankful I am not in a consumption, and can get something better than cold corned-beef!

Grumble. — Here the sun is shining beautifully to-day, and I depend on driving out every day when it is pleasant, just to get a little strength and appetite; and old Cartwright must needs let one of the horses get lame, so I shall have to lose my drive. I should think some of our friends might call for me. It is very unkind in them not to remember a poor sick girl like me; they must know our horse is lame, and how important it is for me to drive out every fine day. What a thoughtless world this is!

Anti-grumble. — Dress-maker again to-day for mother. She says her sister took the air, as long as she could drag herself up and down the sidewalk; but, for the last six weeks, she has not been able to go out, for fear she could not get up-stairs again, she is so weak. So she has not had a breath of fresh air all that time, except when they open the window for a few minutes;

and that makes her cough, because their little bedroom is on the north side of the house. I desire to be thankful; I desire to call for her the next time I take a drive.

Grumble. — Out of sight, out of mind. All day yesterday, only three of my friends called to see me. Sometimes a dozen come in the course of the day, and then I am perfectly tired out; but they are all getting tired of me, I am sick so long! Only three yesterday! to be sure, they brought nice things, and it was snowing pretty fast, and mother thinks I receive a great deal of attention; but it is dreadfully dull to see hardly anybody but one's own family, just when we want a little variety and amusement!

Anti-grumble. — Mother went to see our washer-woman, this morning, who has been sick with a rheumatic fever these two months. She is a German; has only been four months in the country; speaks very bad English; has nobody to wait on her or do the least thing for her, except a poor hard-working woman in the same tenement, who just comes in once a day to help Gottlieb a little: she says mother is the first person, except that neighbor, who has crossed her threshold since she was sick. Oh, what a wicked girl I am to complain! I have nothing to do but be thankful!

Grumble. — Now I am quite discouraged; this is a little more than I can bear. Here I am confined to my chamber; wholly dependent, for every proper comfort, on mother; and she is sent for to my grandmother, who is not as well as usual. Every thing goes wrong, now that she is away: Jane never arranges my easy-chair comfortably; my tea and toast always come up cold; nobody to tuck me up, and kiss me, and pat me, as if I

were a little child again! Oh dear! I do miss mother so much: I cannot bear the thoughts of her being gone a whole week. How *can* I get along without her for a whole long week?

Anti-grumble. — Susan Jarvis listened to my complaints this morning, for a long time, in silence; and just as I was wondering how she could be so unfeeling and unsympathizing, I saw that the tears were rolling down her cheeks; and then she said, "What if you knew that your mother could never come back? that you should never see her till you die?" Poor Susan lost one of the best mothers about three years ago. I desire to thank God that mine is spared!

Evening. — Mother has come home. She has seen her own mother die. God forgive all my thoughtlessness and selfishness!

I am now fourteen years old, and in fine health. I have just been looking over this paper, which I found in my portfolio. I thought it was a hard thing for a girl of my age to have such a long fit of illness; to be confined to the house for three months, as I was.

But now I thank God for that sickness, as heartily as I do for my present health. Instead of studying and frolicking thoughtlessly from morning till night, I was compelled to reflect; and nothing in the world has ever done me so much good.

L. J. H.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

Of all the annals of youthful genius, there are none more remarkable than the history of Leonardo da Vinci. He was wonderful in his childhood for original genius; in youth, for the surprising versatility of those talents, both natural and acquired; and in mature life he seemed able to do every thing, and, moreover, to do every thing well. He was at once painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, mechanist, chemist, astronomer: a man of science, and yet the ornament of a court, beautiful in his person, fascinating in his manner, and gifted with amiable qualities, which preserved the esteem which his exterior won at first sight, and prevented his companions from bearing malicious envy towards him for all those brilliant qualities which nature seemed to have lavished on him.

Leonardo was born in 1452 at Vinci, a small fortified town in the Val d'Arno. From his birthplace he derived his surname, as was the custom with most artists of that period. His father was a notary of Florence, respectable, though not of high birth. Even in childhood, Leonardo was remarkable for his surprising talent and readiness in acquiring all that was taught him. He would propose questions in arithmetic to his master, who in vain puzzled himself to answer them; and then the pretty laughing boy would astonish his old instructor by solving the difficulty with the greatest ease. His musical talents were not less remarkable; he studied it as a science with the greatest avidity and enthusiasm, played on the lyre, and sang the words and music, being entirely his own composition.

But, as he grew older, the great delight of Leonardo seemed to be the study of painting. At this time, art was gradually increasing in fame and power, influencing all ranks of society in Italy. Lorenzo de Medici, the most powerful of the nobles, encouraged and protected art in every way with so unbounded favor, that he gained the deserved title of "the Magnificent." Lorenzo's influence spread a taste for literature, and more especially for art, throughout his native Florence, which extended even through all Tuscany. It is probable that this might have influenced Leonardo in his juvenile preference; for it is certain, that, among all the pursuits of his childhood, he loved painting best. Uninstructed as he was, his designs and models soon became excellent, and his delighted father at last determined to show these productions to Andrea Varocchio, one of the cleverest artists of the day. Andrea saw in them the dawnings of great power, and gladly received Leonardo as a pupil in his studio, where, by a combination then very usual, he followed the professions of painter, sculptor, architect, and even jeweller.

Time passed on, and the young Leonardo improved so fast, that Varocchio could not but acknowledge to himself that the pupil was little inferior to the master. Partly to prove or disprove this inward doubt, and partly from the generous wish to excite his pupil's diligence, Andrea desired Leonardo to paint a portion of a picture on which he was himself engaged. The subject was "St. John baptizing our Saviour;" Da Vinci's task was an angel supporting some drapery. The delighted youth worked with redoubled diligence, and the figure was completed. Varocchio came to see it; he looked at it a

long time in silence; it was infinitely superior to the rest of the picture. The artist's eye could not deny this, however grievous was the shock his pride sustained.

"Is this, in truth, your own work? No one assisted you?" said he to Leonardo, who stood by.

"It is, indeed, Messer Andrea," eagerly replied the boy.

"Then I will not submit to be outdone by a child; I will never touch a pencil more." And Andrea Varocchio kept his word: he never painted afterwards.

After this, Leonardo quitted Andrea, and pursued his studies alone. He resided at Florence, where his father had an estate. There is a characteristic story of him in these youthful days. Signor Pietro da Vinci had a favorite attendant in the field-sports, in which he delighted. One day he asked this man what mark of regard would be most pleasing to him in return for his services. The peasant answered that he would consider about it. One day he brought a piece of wood, cut from a large fig-tree, and requested that his young master, Il Signorino Leonardo, would paint upon it something to adorn his little cottage. The father asked his son to accede to this rather strange request for a peasant; and the young artist agreed, only resolving to astonish his father by his improvement. So he planed the wood smooth, filled up the little holes, and began to paint. His chosen subject was a Medusa's head, with its serpent-hair. For models he brought from the fields toads, vipers, lizards, and every kind of ugly reptile. From these he designed such a fearful-looking monster, that the boy almost shuddered at the work of his own hands. When the picture was finished, he brought his father to see it. Signor Pietro

glanced round the room : his eyes fell on the Medusa : he started back with horror and surprise, and was about to run away from the vicinity of such a number of poisonous reptiles, when Leonardo assured him it was only a picture, — his own work. “And now,” cried the delighted boy, his eyes sparkling with enthusiasm, — “now I am quite satisfied; I have done what I wished. My picture has the effect I intended.”

The proud and happy father lavished warm praise on his gifted boy; but he would not give a picture like this to the peasant. It was sold to a Florentine merchant for one hundred ducats, which is equivalent to about £22, — a sum which, in those days, was considered as much as £400 is now. The Duke of Milan soon afterwards bought it for treble the sum for which it was first purchased. The ultimate fate of this curious picture is unknown. — *New Church Magazine.*

(To be continued.)

THE RABBI AND THE DIAMONDS. — An Ishmaelite once sold a camel to Rabbi Simon, whose pupil led the animal home to the rabbi's house. On taking off the saddle, they found under it a collar ornamented with diamonds. “Rabbi, rabbi,” they exclaimed, “the blessing of God maketh rich;” thereby expressing that God had given the diamonds to him. “Take back the diamonds to the man of whom I bought the animal,” said the rabbi, “he only sold me the camel, but not the precious stones.” The diamonds were consequently returned to their owner, who was not a little surprised at it; but the rabbi had received the more precious ones, — honesty and probity.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 23.

April 1. — It seems a long time since I have been to school. I have not seen one of the girls, and — *some* of them I should like to see; but I don't like going into that big school-room before them all. I know that they will look at us so, and wonder how we feel, now that our mother is dead. Emelia seems very glad to go: how can she be? And now aunt Mary is going home, and that cross Mrs. Lane is here to take care of us; I cannot bear her.

Evening. — Carrie Monroe is a strange girl; I cannot tell whether she is kind or not. To-day she kept saying, "Annie, ask your mother," about every thing she wanted me to do: she said, "Ask your mother;" "Will your mother let you be dismissed at four o'clock, and go to walk, Annie?" "Did your mother braid your hair, Annie?" All day she kept asking me such questions; and then in a second she would look at me so sorry, and say, "Oh, how I do forget! you will forgive me, won't you, Annie?" I was so afraid she would make me cry, that I told her all the time that I didn't care, and that it was no matter at all. I meant that I would be determined not to care; I did not mean to say what was not true. If Carrie's mother died, I don't believe I should forget so. Mrs. Howe was very kind and grave to me; I knew that she was thinking of my mother all the time.

April 10. — I do not believe we ever shall have any more happy times. Aunt Mary and Lucy Linnet have

gone home, and Mrs. Lane is as cross as she can possibly be. She makes me do so many things to help her, and such things as I dislike most to do. This morning, after breakfast, instead of letting me get ready for school, she made me sweep up the crumbs, and sweep and sweep, till I *did* get the carpet clean; and when I let the dust-pan fall, and spilled all the crumbs, she gave me a real *jerk*, and said, with her great loud voice, "There! good enough for you, little Miss Spiteful!" It made "my angry passions rise," and I don't believe they will go down again while she stays here scolding about so.

April 14. — Mrs. Lane has gone home to stay a whole week. How can I help being glad, even if we do have to stay at home and work all the time? Cousin Anne has taken Eva, and grandma is to stay with us. Father thinks we are pretty good little housekeepers. I wish Eddie would be pretty good; but, a good deal of the time, he seems to me pretty bad. When I call him to go to bed, he says, "No, no;" and how can I help it, now, if he does take cold? Father wouldn't allow him to be out there playing; but he will not mind me.

April 15. — How many troubles! Last night Eddie screamed and kicked so, that I had to *pull* him up-stairs to bed; and this morning he is just as fretty as he can be. I am glad he has gone to school, for it is tiresome to have so many things to do. Father says it will not do to have Mrs. Lane stay away any longer. I don't see why.

Evening. — Oh, we have all been so frightened! While I was helping Em at noon, May came leading Eddie home from school; she said the teacher sent him home because he was sick. Grandma stopped his cry-

ing, and let him go to sleep upon her bed; and then she went home of some errands, and did not come back. After dinner we heard Eddie crying with a strange voice, and ran up to him. He was standing at the head of the stairs, coughing: his cheeks were very pale, and all covered with tears; but he only kept saying, "It hurts me." Emelia told me to run and get aunt Mary, as quick as I possibly could; and she took Eddie in her arms, and sat down with him by the kitchen-fire. I ran as fast as I could, but aunt Mary said she could not come: she was lying on the bed, by the side of Lucy Linnet; she was very tired, and Lucy was in a high fever. She told me to go to the bank for father, and she would send her girl, Jennie, to stay with Em. Father came out into the street with me directly, and told me to go home to Emelia, and that he would come with the doctor. When I got back, Em was trying to make Eddie take the medicine which mother used to give him; but he kept crying, "Oh, it hurts!" and would not swallow it. His breathing made a loud noise, worse than mother's when she was so ill. Jennie did nothing but talk: "Oh it is cruel, miss! you will kill him: only let him rest, or he will die — I know he will!" "But, Jennie," Em told her, "it will cure him, perhaps; mother always gave it to him." But Jennie persisted that he would die, and Eddie grew worse and worse. I thought he *would* certainly die, and ran into my room and shut the door, so as not to hear him breathe. Poor little fellow! Em put him on the bed, and tried to comfort him; but it was dreadful, and I wondered how she could stay there so long. Pretty soon I went to see him again; and there was the doctor mixing some

medicine, and telling Em that she had done quite right, the best she could. Father sat holding Eddie's hand; but his face was bent down, and hidden in the pillow. Then I ran away again, but Emelia didn't. She stays all the time, and father too; but the doctor has gone. Eddie is quiet now, better, father says, and almost asleep. Dear little Eddie! Oh, I was angry with him last night! just as angry and impatient as Mrs. L. was with me. He is so sweet and gentle now! I never will be cross to him again; never, I mean, if I can possibly help it. It is better to have Mrs. Lane here, even if I do not like her. What should we do, to be left alone so all the time?

Here is aunt Mary to see Eddie, and sit with him a little while. I wish she could stay a great while, all the time. Grandmamma has come back; but aunt Mary is the most like mother, and the best of all.

F. E. H.

"LOOK WITHIN."

"I DON'T like to go to school here, aunt Helen," said Julia Harrison; "the girls are so disobliging and unkind."

"Are they, my dear? I am sorry for that. I had always understood that the girls at Miss Greenleaf's school were very amiable and polite."

"They're not polite to me, at any rate," replied Julia, pettishly. "They will never do any thing I wish them to, and sometimes they will not play with me at all."

"Are they kind and obliging to each other?" asked Mrs. Irvine.

"Yes'm; I suppose so; kinder than they are to me. And they will all do any thing that Grace Lincoln or Carry Mayland wish."

"And are Carry and Grace unkind too? There must be some reason for their slighting your wishes. What can make the difference?"

"I know; at least I guess I do," said Howard Irvine, looking up from his book.

"Tell us then, Howard," said his mother. "I am really desirous to know, for I wish Julia to be happy while she stays with us."

"Julia wouldn't thank me for telling," answered her cousin, with a smile. "She would be very indignant indeed."

Julia's cheeks grew crimson instantly. "Howard is for ever finding fault with me," she said. "I know he thinks I am to blame, but I'm not." And she left the room instantly.

"What is the trouble, Howard?" asked Mrs. Irvine, again. "You and Julia seem always to have some difficulty. You are four or five years older than she is, remember, and must not tease her."

"Why, mother," answered Howard, a fine youth of sixteen, "I do not wish to annoy my little cousin; but, if I say the least word implying reproof, she is angry with me. Now I will not tell you why the girls do not like Julia; but if you will watch her, when she is at play with Ruth and Amy, I think you will see for yourself. It is much more likely that she is to blame, than that Carry Mayland and Grace Lincoln have become unamiable."

Mrs. Irvine thought so too; and, in the course of the afternoon, she had an opportunity of learning what Howard meant. Julia and her little cousins were playing together in the breakfast room, which adjoined the apartment where Mrs. Irvine sat at work. She had often noticed that Julia seemed to take the direction in their plays; but it seemed natural, as she was the eldest, and had much ingenuity in varying the games. But now she watched her more narrowly.

"I wouldn't play dominoes any longer," said Amy, who was but six years old. "I want to play Hide and Seek; and I have a cunning little box that we can hide. Will you, Ruth?"

"Yes. Will you, Julia?"

"No, I don't like to play that. If you can't play with me, you can play without me."

"But you know, Julia," said Ruth, gently, "that two cannot play Hide and Seek very well; and as Amy is the youngest, I think we may as well please her a little while."

"You can play with her, if you like," replied Julia; "but I shall not."

Amy looked sorrowful, and Ruth vexed. "Amy is tired of dominoes," she said, after a pause. "Is there nothing else you will play with us, Julia?"

Julia could not well play alone, and she considered. "I'll get my doll Blanche, if you want to play dolls," she said, at length.

"Well —" and little Amy ran to get her playthings, followed by Ruth. The children were busy and quiet for some time; and Mrs. Irvine did not think of them until Ruth's voice attracted her notice. "Now, Julia,

it is too bad. Amy and I ought to do as we like sometimes."

"Well, do as you like; who prevents you?" said Julia.

"You said you wouldn't play unless we did as you wished us to," said Amy, timidly.

"And if you were not a cross little thing, you'd be willing to do as I wish," retorted Julia.

"Amy is never cross!" exclaimed Ruth, indignantly.

"But I know who is tyrannical; Howard says so. Amy darling, don't you mind; I'll come and play with you, and Miss Harrison may have her own way, and her own doll to herself."

Julia made no reply, except to mutter "Ugly things!" and she soon came to her aunt, and asked leave to go to walk. Mrs. Irvine consented, and she ran off. A few minutes after, the bell rang, and two sweet-looking girls, about the age of Julia, entered.

"O Gracie!" and Amy ran to kiss the taller of the two, while Ruth dropped dolls and every thing, to welcome Carry Mayland.

"Ruth, where is your mother?" asked Caroline.

"In there," nodding to the little work-room. "But are you not going to stay with us?"

"No, dear; we are going to walk, and wish you and Julia to accompany us. Mrs. Irvine, may they go?"

"Ruth can go; Julia is already out somewhere. I dare say you will meet her. Ruth, go and dress yourself."

"May I?" asked Amy softly.

Grace Lincoln stooped to kiss the child. "I wish you could, little one; but we are going too far. You

would be so tired! We will bring you home some flowers."

Amy said no more, and Mrs. Irvine bade her run up stairs and help Ruth. When the child was gone, Mrs. Irvine turned to her young visitors. "Grace, my love, what is the trouble at school? between Julia and the others, I mean?" Grace said nothing, but blushed and looked uneasy. "I am not suspecting you of any unkindness, my dear girls," resumed Mrs. Irvine, "and Howard says he is sure it is Julia's fault. Why will the girls not play with her?"

Still Grace was silent; but Caroline, less timid, or less unwilling to speak, answered for her. "I don't wish to blame Julia, Mrs. Irvine; but the truth is, she is not willing to play, unless she can have her own way entirely. She does not seem selfish in other things: she is always willing to help the others in their lessons, and to lend her books; but she will not give up to the rest at all in play, and so they do not like to play with her. She says, 'I won't play, unless you will do so;' and they answer, 'You needn't, then; we do not want you.' Are we unkind? We do not mean to be."

"I am sure," added Grace, in her soft, sweet voice, "we — Carry and I — would willingly give up; but the others say it is not fair, and we do not think it is."

"And *I* do not think it is, my dear Grace. One ought not to rule always; and, in a small school like yours, each must try to be obliging, or you cannot play happily. I thank you for telling me, and the more as I know you neither of you likes to seem to complain of others. Here comes Ruth, ready to go with you. Good afternoon."

A. A.

(To be continued.)

GOING TO SCHOOL.

(See Engraving.)

"I do not like to go to school,
 When, ranged upon the green,
 The soldiers' tents, and waving flags,
 And scarlet coats are seen.

"Indeed, I shall not hear to-day,
 Whatever may be said;
 For thought of noisy, firing guns
 Will fill my mind instead.

"And then the music of the band,
 I'm sure I shan't sit still;
 Don't, mother, make me go to school,
 For once indulge your Will."

Will had a mother kind and good,
 Though now he called her cross,
 Who thought a day of precious time
 A very serious loss.

She told him that the idle boy
 Grew up a thoughtless man;
 But when she saw his pouting face,
 And tears that streaming ran, —

Down from its nail she took the rod,
 And, holding it in view,
 She sternly bade him go to school,
 And lead his brother too.

ED.

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

THE St. Lawrence is a remarkable river, — remarkable for being the outlet of the five great lakes, and remarkable also for its beautiful islands and its hurrying rapids. All our little readers know that the famous "Thousand Isles" lie just below the point where the waters of the broad Ontario restrain themselves to the comparatively narrow boundaries of the river. Just as day was breaking, our steamboat touched at Kingston; and hardly had we left the town, when we were called up from our berths to see the Thousand Isles. Hastily dressing, we went to the upper deck. The sun was just rising, and the clouds were tinged with the most beautiful colors. The air was sharp and cold; and, though in the middle of July, our winter clothing would have been comfortable. Behind us lay two or three of the islands which we had passed, and more were constantly opening on our view. Here was one, quarter of a mile long, and well wooded; there, a single tree seemed to grow directly out of the water. Here were low flat spots of grass; there, high banks, and deep water close to the very edge of the isle.

No description would convey to you, children, an idea of this beautiful sight. Island started up behind island. What had seemed one in the distance, on our approach resolved itself into three or four. Once a little boat was seen dodging in and out among them, and we passed two or three vessels that had been loading with timber at some of the largest. All around us was the gray water, sprinkled with these lovely dots of green, and our steamer

dashed through the narrow channels between, all too quickly for us, who could have spent the day in their enchanting neighborhood. Part of our party, vanquished by the cold, retreated to the cabin some time before the islands had disappeared; and we ourselves did not wait till the last had vanished, though we did wait to see it appear, before we too left the deck, with a picture in our mind that can die only with our memory.

If any of our young readers ever have an opportunity to see the panorama of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay rivers, which was exhibited in Boston a few years since, we would advise them to go. The picture is a remarkably faithful one, and gives an idea of the islands, better than can be obtained elsewhere, except by the actual sight itself.

Shortly after breakfast, we parted from the commodious boat, and the friendly, smiling captain; and at Prescott, a British town opposite Ogdensburg, we took a boat, smaller, and better adapted to pass through the rapids. The clouds, which had been gathering since sunrise, now assumed a threatening aspect; and rain began to fall. We, however, determined to be merry, and, knowing that we must not expect fine weather every day, amused ourselves in various ways, until some one said, "Here are the rapids." We rushed out under the awning of the deck, and saw a few eddies curling here and there very quietly without foam or dash. We gazed upon each other in blank disappointment. Were these the famous rapids of the St. Lawrence? Was this the place where the smallest deviation in the direction of the boat would be its destruction? We stood a few moments looking at the eddies, and then agreed that we would not confess

our disappointment to our friends at home, but would try to appear delighted with the rapids.

During the course of the day, we made various observations on the river. Its banks are, for the most part, quite low; and here and there are little villages, at some of which our boat touched. It carried us quite back into bygone days to see a man ride off on horseback with the mail-bag, and presently return with it. A very peculiar circumstance is the varying width of the river. Sometimes it seems not more than half a mile wide, and again in others its width must be at least a mile and a half.

While we have been relating our observations, you must imagine (which was really the case) that one of the gentlemen went to the captain to make inquiries about the rapids, and he presently returned with the joyful news that there were a great many different rapids, all called by different names; that we should be passing through them at intervals during the whole day; and that the lowest or Lachine Rapids, near Montreal, were the dangerous and exciting ones. This news put us in high spirits; but it was not till after dinner that the rapids began to equal our expectations, though we had passed through several. But then we enjoyed a most glorious sight. The river was very wide at the point of which we speak, and its whole surface was covered with flakes of foam, looking very much as the ocean does from a little distance when the wind has been blowing violently. Our little boat rocked up and down most delightfully; and the descent of the river was so sudden, that we could see the slope of the water behind us, as we see the slope of a little hill we have just descended. In another spot, the boat passed in a narrow channel be-

tween the shore and an island, and here the waters were tumbling and dancing like the sea-waves. When we came to the Lachine Rapids, where the descent of the river is the most sudden, we stood in the bow of the boat to enjoy the sight and the motion; and as the rain had ceased, and a fresh wind was blowing, we could conceive of nothing more exhilarating. The water foams and rushes violently through a narrow passage between two rocks, and between these two rocks also is the path for the boat. Five men stood at the wheel to guide her, as she bounded through this strait. We felt not the slightest sensation of dread, even though a charming young Canadian lady, who had once nearly lost her life in this very place, was trembling and clinging to her father, not far from us. Around us the foam whitened the water; and, for our own sakes, we would gladly have prolonged the five or ten minutes to an hour.

Caugh-na-waugh, a strange little Indian town, was one of the points at which we touched. We had only time to glance at it before the boat was off again. All day, we saw timber-rafts going down, just such as are pictured in some of the geographies, with a house or two on some of them, and two or three sails standing up oddly from the broad flat surface. The rapids of the river make it impossible for a boat to pass up through them, on account of the force of the current; and canals are cut beside the river at all the rapids, through which the ascending boats pass. You may perhaps form some idea of the rapidity of the river from the fact, that, while a boat goes from Prescott to Montreal in eight hours, the return passage occupies twenty-six. We hope all our readers may some day see and enjoy this beautiful river as much as we did.

ED.

LIVES OF HOLY WOMEN.

ANN EGEDE.

ANN EGEDE was the wife of a clergyman of Vogen, a small town in Norway. Not long after her marriage, her husband, Hans Egede, was inspired with a desire to make himself a missionary, and to go and teach Christianity in Greenland. His sympathies were excited for the poor, uncultivated people of the place, and his friends could not dissuade him from going there. For many years he labored, with inconceivable pains and industry, to get together the means, and gain the assistance of the government, for establishing himself in so distant a place. His wife at first believed the project impracticable, and was opposed to his wishes, but at length devoted herself with all her heart to the cause in which her husband was so interested. After many years' delay, Hans Egede was appointed missionary to Greenland. With two ships, accompanied by his wife, two sons, and about forty persons, he left for Greenland on the 12th of May, 1721.

In the parting with the many friends, who looked upon their enterprise as an utterly hopeless one, and with the people of his parish who had become warmly attached to their pastor, — Ann Egede was the firm support of her husband, and by her calm and unwavering courage sustained him in his undertaking. Through the long voyage, too, when they were impeded by severe storms, by thick fogs that delayed their course, and by the fearful icebergs that surrounded them, as they came into the northern regions, she was the comforter of her husband and children.

It was the 3d of July that they reached Greenland, and saw the poor tents that formed the homes of the wretched inhabitants. These were a poor, miserable people, small in stature, entirely uncultivated, and suspicious of strangers. But the mild, friendly bearing of Egede in time influenced them, and gradually gained their confidence. After many years he was able to preach the gospel to them in their own language, and won from the natives both their love and respect. These results came only after many years of hardship and struggle.

There may be something romantic in the effort to voyage into these cold, unknown regions, for the purposes of discovery, and to go beyond the cold barrier that has so seldom been penetrated, which might excite and give strength to young and adventurous people. But a greater power of mind and body, a perseverance in courage, was required of Hans and Ann Egede to maintain them in so dreary a spot, through the winter-long night, in the midst of an unsympathizing and uninteresting people.

And they had to contend with other trials. After ten months, the Danish and Norwegian merchants, who had accompanied Egede to Greenland, became discouraged. There was fear of a famine. A ship, which was expected from Norway with provisions, was delayed, and the poor products of the country were growing more and more scanty. The merchants determined to return, and attempted to persuade Egede to accompany them. For the sake of his wife and children, he was moved to go with them; but Ann Egede urged him to remain, and encouraged him not to desert his post, but to await with patience the arrival of the vessel that should relieve them. The

vessel anxiously looked for came at last, and all assembled upon the shore to receive it with joy. It brought not only the food that they had urgently needed, but there came encouraging documents from the king of Denmark, promising his support to Egede's mission. The following description from Carne's *Lives of Eminent Missionaries* gives some idea of the climate in which they had to suffer : —

“ A strong and mournful impression was made by the annual departure of the sun. It took place about the 29th of November. They usually ascended the rocks at noon, to behold the sun once more ; and, when he showed them his faint mild light, ere he vanished for a long period, they sadly bade him farewell. The days that immediately succeeded were tolerably light, but in December it was twilight even at noon. From this time, the lights were always kept burning. The stormy sea, now and then, beat against the shore ; and then there succeeded a long calm, when the waves, chained by ice, could move no more. The fire must be fed carefully, for life depended on it ; and the lamp never suffered to go out, for then they could neither read the few books that they possessed, nor work, nor see each other's faces, the only glad sight that was left. No visitor came to cheer the lagging moments, no friend to speak of passing events, or share their solitary meal. There were no events to tell of : every friend was in the distant land of Norway, their own forsaken home.

About the middle of January, if the weather were fine, the rays of the sun could be seen on the high rocks ; and, a few days afterwards, he was beheld glorious, as if new created, but only for a few minutes. After the middle

of May, he ceased to set at night, but rose higher and higher till the summer solstice; and, about the end of July, he dipped again at night, though partially, under the horizon. The aspect of nature during this perpetual day, that lasted a few months, was strange and indelible, and affected the imagination. There was no passing away or return of the sun; a cold pure, yellow light covered the surface of the sea, and the rocky hills and wastes; its effect on the lonely lakes and scanty groups of birch and juniper trees was beautiful. Perhaps the feeling after a time was painful. Those who wandered there, knew that no night was to come again, no sweet repose of evening, so welcome to the senses and the fancy, that after this strange period of strange, undeclining day, when darkness came again, it seemed like a stranger who had been long forgotten.

Deserted by his countrymen and friends, and little cheered by the spiritual improvement of the natives, the only solace of Egede was in his loved companion. This noble-minded woman thought nothing of her sacrifices. Shrouded, most of the time, in the shelter of her dwelling, and left alone by the frequent absence of her husband, she never repined for a moment. The comforts and conveniences of her abode were few and miserable; yet she saw the ships from Norway come and return again; she heard the tidings of her native home, and of the blessings enjoyed there, yet never decided to forsake Greenland. To the strong affection for her husband was added the still stronger love of God. Amidst the troubles that so deeply mingled in their lot, he always saw her countenance free from sorrow, her spirit always cheerful. He had more excitements in

the land than this lonely woman, wandering among the valleys and plains, exploring the coast in boats, or forming plans for a colony and its commerce. Sometimes, with his sons, he would arrive at their home before morn, where he found the wife, with her two daughters, fondly expecting them. If the home of the cotter on the mountain-side, or of the weary wanderer, cleaves to his affections, that of Egede was very dear; it was the only place in the land where smiles and kindness awaited him. The little family group found all their hopes and enjoyments in each other; and when the father gave out the hymn, and they all joined their voices, or knelt in prayer, it was as if one soul and one voice was offered to God.

Egede attempted to teach the Greenlanders the arts of cultivation; and, as late as May, attempted to thaw the frozen ground, by setting on fire the old grass which had withered upon it. But the corn which he sowed was obliged to be cut down unripe in September, because the frosts were then so violent; and the vegetables lost all resemblance to their original nature.

In 1728, some ships were sent out by the king of Denmark, for the purpose of establishing a colony in Greenland; and two Danish clergymen were sent to assist Egede. But the emigrants could not bear so trying a climate. They became dissatisfied, and the soldiers mutinied. They were particularly hostile to Egede, and he was obliged to have a guard around his house. The most useful people of the colony fell before the severity of the winter. Disease spread among them, and death. The colony wasted away. As soon as possible, they returned to Europe, urging Egede to return. He was

told by the government, that provisions for a year would be left him, but, after that, no further aid could be expected. Egede consulted long and solemnly with his only supporter, his wife. Great was the temptation to return to their home; but they decided to remain. One hundred and fifty children of the natives had been baptized, and were dependent on their instruction; and they would not desert them. They saw the last ship take its departure, and turned back to their home.

The mother devoted herself to her children. In the long winter she told them tales of their father-land, and bestowed upon them, with care, all the instruction she could impart. In the spring of 1733 came three Moravian missionaries, who brought support to Egede. But great reverses followed. The small-pox burst out among the natives. Egede and his family nursed the sufferers; their habitation was converted into a hospital. The disease raged for eight months, and Ann Egede was a constant attendant upon those who were sick; she forgot herself entirely, and devoted herself to the care of the poor inhabitants. As the disease began to pass away, she herself was attacked by it. Her children and husband watched over and tended her, in vain. She died, breathing a blessing for him. She was followed to the grave by her husband and children only. The Moravians were stricken with the sickness, and the poor natives were scattered by the disease. The daughter of Ann Egede attempted to supply the place of her mother; and when Egede was summoned home in 1736, in the decline of his life, she accompanied him to his native land, and never left him.

Mrs. Sigourney gives an interesting account of the

life of Ann Egede, in her Examples of Life and Death. We quote from it these words, recorded of Hans Egede, as he bade farewell to his eldest son, who took charge of the people he had cared for so long: — "Out of love to God and me, she joined heart and hand in this enterprise. She went from her own people, from her father's house, from her weeping brothers and sisters, not indeed to a paradise, but to a desert and frightful land. With what patience, with what kindness, she bore her part of the troubles that were appointed us to endure, is known unto many; but how often she comforted and cheered her husband is known only to himself and to God. O Christian heroine! O faithful wife! How far short do my words fall of what thy piety and virtues deserve!" — *Sunday-school Gazette*.

MORAL COURAGE.

"I WONDER if Mrs. Gray meant anybody this morning, when she talked to us about moral courage," said Rachel Furness, as she sauntered along the street with several companions, on their way from school.

"I *wonder* if she did," said a much taller girl, the centre of the group, with an emphasis which seemed to imply that she knew all about it.

"Who *did* she mean, then, Sophy?" and "I don't believe she meant me," resounded three or four voices.

Sophy King laughed. "If I thought she intended to give a lesson to one of you, perhaps it would not be

very kind in me to tell you. The old proverb comes in here, 'If the coat fits, put it on;' but I do not wish to fit any one to it."

"Well, we all of us do wrong sometimes, except you, Sophy, who are too old, and two or three of the little ones, who are very meek."

"And I don't believe it was Elsie Crocker, for all she behaves so; because she is not persuaded to do wrong by any of the others. She is always the persuader."

Any one who had been observing the countenances of Rachel Furness and Abby Leeds, the two neighbors of Elsie Crocker, might have seen a change in them as the last speaker finished; and, while the others went on with their conjectures, they were silent.

"Good-by, girls, I am going this way," said Sophy King; "and remember, 'if the coat fits, put it on yourself,' and don't try it upon any of your friends."

"Good-by, I'm going with Sophy," cried Rachel; and they turned down a long street, near the foot of which both girls lived. They walked for a few steps in silence, and then Rachel said timidly, "I really wish, Sophy, you would tell me whether you think Mrs. Gray referred to me this morning. When Laura just said that Elsie Crocker persuaded the girls to do wrong, I thought that, as I sat next to her, Mrs. Gray might have wished to reprove me."

"I think," answered Sophy King, "that she wished to have all the girls profit by her remarks, but that the subject was suggested by the way in which you girls have behaved in that corner this week. How many marks for laughing have you had, Rachel?"

"Four."

"And to-day is only Thursday. And how many of your school-lessons have you recited imperfectly?"

"Three."

"Such a thing has not happened before, since you have been in school; and Mrs. Gray knows it, and sees that you have not the moral courage to resist Elsie's attempts to make you play and neglect your lessons."

"I'll ask Mrs. Gray to let me change my seat. There is an empty one by you, Sophy."

"That will not be the best plan. If you have no temptation to do wrong, there is no merit in your doing right. You will not exercise moral courage if you sit by me, for you know I shall not talk to you. The best way will be for you to sit where you are, and to let Elsie Crocker play as much as she chooses, and see if you cannot behave well in spite of it. If she whispers and laughs, you must put your hands over your ears to shut out the noise, and resolve you will get your lesson."

"You might do it, Sophy, you are so sober; but I cannot."

"Sober? you forget how merry I am at home and in recess."

"Well, you do not laugh as easily as I do."

"All the more merit in you, then, if you resist the temptation."

"Would you say any thing to Abby Leeds about it?"

"I do not think I should; but if, after you have tried to do right for a few days, Elsie still annoys you, I would tell her seriously (she is sober sometimes) that I did not mean to play any more, and ask her not to disturb you again. Very likely she will not, when she

finds she cannot make you play; but, if she does, I would certainly ask her to be quiet."

"I'll see, Sophy," concluded Rachel, as she went up her father's door-steps, "but you've no idea how Elsie plays."

The next morning Rachel went to school, full of good resolutions. On the way, she met Abby Leeds.

"I think Mrs. Gray meant us yesterday, and I don't mean to play to-day."

"I think so too, and I'm going to be still myself."

Alas for their resolutions! Elsie Crocker came to school fuller of mischief than ever. Even the opening exercises of the school did not prevent her from indulging her mischief-loving propensities, and squeezing her wet sponge, so that a great part of the water with which it was charged flew into Rachel's face. Rachel did not feel inclined to laugh at this; she could not laugh at such a piece of rudeness: but Elsie pinched Abby to make her look, and Abby was very near laughing, as she saw Rachel's expression of indignant surprise.

Something in the street next excited Elsie's risibles, and she made signs to her companions to observe what was going on. Rachel, who had been studying intently for a few moments, was disturbed; but she resolved not to look up, and went on with her lesson. Presently she heard a smothered laugh from both her school-mates; and, raising her eyes, she shook her head at Abby, and went on with her lesson. Elsie chose to find something very entertaining in Rachel's reproving look, and only laughed the more, saying quite loud, at the same time, "Little prig," which had the effect of making Abby, who had just composed herself, laugh more than before.

This time the noise was noticed by their teacher. She watched them a moment to ascertain who were the disorderly ones, and then marked both Elsie and Abby. Elsie put on a most ludicrous expression of distress, and began to study her lesson. Rachel was in peace for some time. When they were told to lay aside their books and take their writing, Elsie, who had been quiet a full half-hour, began her pranks again. It would be absurd, however, to tell the nonsense at which she laughed, and at which she tried to make her companions laugh.

It wanted at length but half an hour of the close of school; and Rachel was already congratulating herself that it had been a victorious day, when Elsie began to recite in a low whisper two or three rhymes, which had once before, in recess, put the whole school, and even Mrs. Gray herself, into paroxysms of laughter. It proved too much for Rachel. She resisted at first; she almost stifled herself with her pocket-handkerchief: but a series of odd guttural sounds would issue from her mouth, and finally she gave herself up to the impulse of the moment. Mrs. Gray's eyes were upon her; but still she laughed, even when she saw another mark put down in the book against her name.

Then came the thought of her broken resolution, and she began to cry. She did not see Sophy King's sorrowful look, or she would have cried still more. "It's of no use," she thought to herself; "I should always laugh at any thing funny, just as I have done to-day;" and she could not help smiling, in the midst of her tears, at the recollection of the odd jumble of sense and nonsense. She was too ashamed to speak to

any one when school was done, but hurried home with her veil pulled down over her face.

Sophy overtook her, just before she reached her door. "Don't run so fast, Rachel. Tell me all about it. How happened it that you laughed, when you had been so still all the rest of the morning?"

Rachel told her story, adding, "It's of no use, Sophy: I cannot help laughing when Elsie says such strange things."

"I would determine not to laugh at that any more. Say it to yourself over and over again, until you lose all disposition to laugh at it; for Elsie, take my word for it, will repeat it again."

On Saturday, Rachel's troublesome neighbor was absent, so that she was not tempted; but on Monday Rachel found her in her accustomed seat. She amused herself at first by making faces; but, as these were not noticed by her companions, she began to pull the long braids of Rachel's hair, and to do a great many other annoying things. At last she bethought herself of the rhymes, and began to recite them; but Rachel had fortified herself against their fascination, and Elsie was obliged to give up her efforts, and attend to her own lessons.

A week passed, and Rachel had not once laughed: but, as Elsie was a great lover of mischief, she now annoyed Rachel in every way; so that she, without giving any reason, asked Mrs. Gray to change her seat. That by Sophy King had been occupied; and she took her place beside Maria Moreton, who was, like herself, neither better nor worse than most girls. Here also

was there necessity for moral courage; here also came temptations: but of these we cannot now speak. We must leave the account of them till another month.

ED.

PUZZLES.

We shall wait another month before giving the answer to Titania's excellent enigma, hoping that our young friends may inform us of their success in guessing it. We publish others, for which we are also indebted to Titania; the first being selected by her, and the others original.

AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE SOMETHING OUT OF NOTHING.

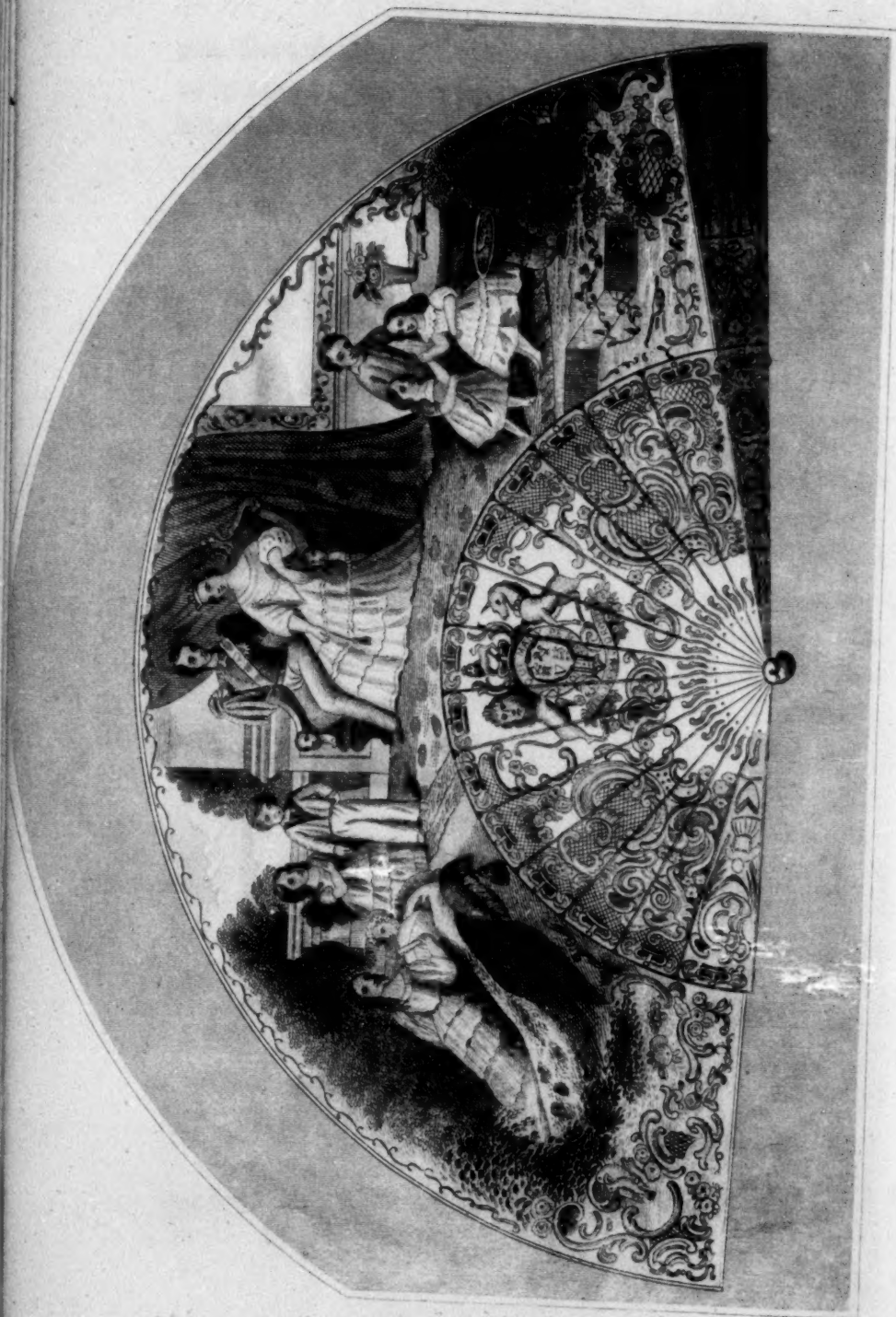
U O a O, but I O u,
 O O no O, but O O me;
 O let not my O a O go,
 But give O O I O u so.

ANAGRAMS. NAMES OF PHILOSOPHERS.

Toss care.

A tin canoe.

Our thanks are due to "Alice," of Taunton. We will publish her article when we find room for it.



MORAL COURAGE.

(Continued from p. 36.)

MARIA Moreton, as we have said, was neither better nor worse than most girls. She generally studied faithfully, but she was by no means proof against the manifold temptations that fall to the lot of school-girls. She liked to have Rachel sit beside her, as they were in the same classes.

For a day or two, school-life went on prosperously to Rachel. One morning, however, after school had commenced, Maria, who had brought some dainty for luncheon, was tempted to eat a little herself; and, like our first mother, she tempted Rachel. Rachel, like our common ancestor, ate of the forbidden fruit. Mrs. Gray's quick eye detected the transgression, and its penalty fell upon the transgressors in the shape of a black mark. Sophy King turned round, and looked reproachfully at Rachel; but Rachel, vexed at getting a mark for so foolish a violation of the rules, was too proud and angry to cry, and so she sat in sullen silence, with her eyes on her book, pretending to study.

No sooner had the recess-bell rung, than Rachel exclaimed, "Oh how foolish we were to get those marks for eating!"

"I know it," cried Maria. "It was all my fault, though; for you could not have eaten it, if I had not given it to you."

"Moral courage," said Sophy King, smiling. "Think

of it, girls. How absurdly it sounds, when we say that you did not have patience to wait an hour for a mouthful of cake; that neither of you had moral courage enough to resist so small a temptation. For my part, I am quite ashamed of Rachel."

"O Sophy! if Mrs. Gray would only give us seats each side of you."

"I should object. I cannot have either of you beside me, until you have learned a little moral courage. Now, you are not bad girls. See if you cannot have all good marks for conduct till the end of the year."

"Oh!" cried Maria, "I never can. I shall be sure to laugh, or do something foolish." Sophy was here called off by some of the other girls, and detained until the recess was over.

Rachel Furness had a brother, who was very clever at caricatures. It was a dangerous propensity, but he exercised it freely. Among Rachel's schoolmates was a girl remarkable for her excessive curiosity. She wished to open every box and drawer, to see the inside of every book, and to know what every one was talking about. As her mother was a friend of Mrs. Furness, she one night took tea with Rachel.

After she had gone home, George sat drawing for some time in silence. At last, he showed Rachel his work. It was a perfect likeness of her friend, drawn in the shape of a question-mark, and just opening a box. It was so ridiculous that the first glance made Rachel shake with laughter. She determined to take it to school, and show it to some of the girls; but she said not a word of it to her mother, who, she was quite sure, would forbid it.

It was very late the next morning when she entered school, and the bell rang before she had time to speak to any of the girls. The caricature was in her pocket, and she was just about to take it out, when she remembered that here would be a fine opportunity for moral courage. She resisted the temptation for some minutes, but at length it proved too strong for her. She took the paper out, and showed it to Maria. Maria was very near screaming. She tried in every way not to laugh; but the suppressed giggle at last caught Mrs. Gray's ear, and she called Maria to her desk. Maria was unwilling to tell the cause of her laughter, fearing she should bring trouble upon Rachel; but Rachel would not let her friend bear the blame, so she left her seat, and, going up to Mrs. Gray, said, "I made Maria laugh."

Mrs. Gray looked grave, and said, "What did you do to make her laugh?"

"I showed her a picture." Here both girls tittered.

"Bring the picture to me," said Mrs. Gray.

Rachel was in terror. "Please don't ask to see it, Mrs. Gray," she begged; but Mrs. Gray was not to be entreated. Rachel was obliged to go to her desk, and bring back the picture to lay before Mrs. Gray.

Helen Crane, the subject of the picture, was standing at that moment by Mrs. Gray's desk, while Mrs. Gray was explaining to her a difficult lesson. She recognized her own likeness the moment the picture was produced, and, blushing deeply, hid her face in her hands.

"Did *you* draw this, Rachel?" asked Mrs. Gray sternly.

"No, ma'am."

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"Did *you* draw this, Rachel?" asked Mrs. Gray sternly.

"No, ma'am."

"Who did draw it? and how came it in your possession?"

"Oh! I cannot, indeed I cannot, tell you, Mrs. Gray. I ought not to have showed it to Maria," sobbed Rachel, now bitterly repenting of her folly, and fearing, if she were obliged to tell the author, that her brother would be severely punished by his parents, as this was not his first offence.

Mrs. Gray sat for a moment irresolute. Then she said, "You *must* answer one question. Was this drawn by any one of your schoolmates?"

"No, indeed, Mrs. Gray. Maria was the first and only one who has seen it." Just then, Rachel's eye fell upon Helen, whom she had not noticed before, as she had drawn back when she saw the picture. This was the worst mischance that could have befallen her, and she burst into a fresh flood of weeping, which not all Maria's caresses could abate.

Helen, naturally enough, felt herself very much aggrieved, and was engaged during recess in recounting the affair to all who would listen to her. Rachel was too much mortified to stir from her seat. She kept her face, swollen and blistered by her tears, under her desk, and refused to take any comfort. "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" she thought, "if I only had followed Sophy King's advice."

Mrs. Gray was very much at a loss how to proceed in the matter. She thought that she should not regret the affair, if Helen's insatiable curiosity should receive, by this means, a lasting check; yet she felt that she must reprove the unkind thoughtlessness of Rachel, who, by bringing the picture to school, incurred the liability of

its being seen by Helen. She determined to talk with them both.

She therefore called Rachel into her little recitation-room in recess, and conversed a long time with her. Rachel was very sorry for all she had done, and willing enough to promise to remember the feelings of others.

"If I could trust you, Rachel," said Mrs. Gray; "but you are so wanting in moral courage. Do you ever try, my dear, to resist temptation?"

"Yes, indeed. I tried this morning not to show the picture to Maria."

"You should have resisted the temptation to bring it to school. There's where you were wrong, Rachel." Mrs. Gray said much more to her, which our limits will not suffer us to relate; and great was Helen's surprise, when Mrs. Gray called her into the same room after school, and talked with her about her foolish habit of curiosity. Helen had been "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," and she was even more angry now than when she first saw the picture; and all Mrs. Gray's admonitions had no effect upon her.

She knew very well who had drawn the picture, for she had before seen specimens of George's handiwork. Full of angry and wicked feelings, she went home to her mother. Mrs. Crane was a woman easily prejudiced, and unduly fond of her only daughter. She entered directly into Helen's disturbed and angry state, and declared that she would at once drop her acquaintance with Mrs. Furness, and forbade Helen even to speak to Rachel again.

That night, as Mr. Furness's family were sitting at

the tea-table, a note was brought to Mrs. Furness. She read it, but forbore to make any remark upon it till tea was over. Then she asked George and Rachel what they had done to Helen Crane. Both children looked confused and guilty.

"I have here a note from Mrs. Crane," said their mother, "in which she says that you have treated Helen so shamefully that no apologies can atone for it, and that she has forbidden Helen to speak to you again, and shall henceforth consider me as a stranger."

Rachel looked stunned. She could not speak. George, who knew that Rachel must have carried his drawing to school, first found words to tell his share in the mischief, and then accused Rachel of showing the picture to Helen. Rachel, as well as her sobs would allow, then related her part in the transaction. George glanced at his father. His compressed lips and knit brows showed that he thought it no trivial matter. His mother appeared grieved to the heart. Rachel had withdrawn to a corner, and there, with her apron thrown over her face, was crying in a dreary hopeless way, that would have made any one pity her. George was ashamed to cry; but he quailed before his father's stern face.

He spoke first. "I cannot talk to you to-night, children. This is no slight offence. I must take time to consider how I can best make you remember it." He rose, and left the room, followed by his wife.

"O George! George! I am *so* sorry I carried the picture to school, and made all this trouble for you. Do forgive me, brother." Rachel raised her streaming eyes to him, as he stood nervously twirling a chair.

A moment before, George was very angry with his

sister; but her sorrowful, beseeching tones touched his heart. He came and put his arm round her, and told her that he was the most to blame, and begged her not to cry. Then they began to wonder what punishment their father had in store for them.

Mr. Furness had an unmarried brother, a clergyman, in a small country village, for whom George was named. He had often desired to take George to live with him for a year; but the boy was so much attached to his home, that his father would never consent. Now he felt that some great step must be taken, and he determined that George should go.

George saw, at the breakfast table next morning, that his mother looked pale, and as if she had passed a sleepless night. Neither he nor Rachel felt any appetite for breakfast, and they waited anxiously for their father to finish his newspaper.

"George," he said at length, laying down the paper, "you are to go to stay a year with your Uncle George. You do not attend to our wishes here; perhaps, when you are separated from us, you will remember them. Rachel, when you think that your inability to resist temptation has parted you for so long a time from your brother, I hope your besetting sin will receive a lasting lesson."

ED.

(To be continued.)

NOBLE REPLY. — Aristotle, being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following noble reply: — "I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity." — *Sunday-school Gazette*.

ANECDOTES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(Continued from p. 10.)

IN spite of his extreme youth, Da Vinci quickly attained to fame. His universal talents gave a certain degree of unsteadiness to his character, inasmuch as he would now and then leave his painting for all sorts of desultory studies. But he always returned to the one great object, and devoted himself to every thing that would advance him in art. He was the first artist who thoroughly studied anatomy, in which his knowledge was very great. His writings on this subject are admired, and found most useful even in the present day. The sunshine of fame was now upon Leonardo wherever he moved; his extreme beauty and grace of manner, his wit and universal courtesy, made him the delight of all circles. He indulged in luxurious dress and equipages, and had a number of the finest horses, for he excelled in all equestrian exercises. Yet all these expenses were defrayed by his unwearied industry in his art. Leonardo had a wonderful genius for mathematics and mechanics. He made all sorts of curious models and scientific inventions. This bent of his mind led him to form some wild projects, which were never realized.

About the year 1487, Leonardo left Florence, and settled at Milan, being received into the household of an Italian nobleman, Ludovico Sforza, who gave to the artist the care of his son's education, and appointed him presi-

dent of an academy which he founded for the encouragement of art and literature.

Leonardo followed his patron to Pavia, where he spent some time; and on his return to Milan, about 1497, he began the most celebrated of all his pictures, "the Last Supper of our Lord." It was painted for the refectory of a Dominican convent; the moment chosen is when the Lord exclaims, "I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me." The calm dignity of the Saviour forms a beautiful contrast to the varied passions which agitate his disciples at his words; but it is next to impossible to speak in adequate terms of so sublime a painting. It has gradually faded from the convent walls, until now scarcely a trace remains; but there are some good copies, which have made the original well known.

In 1517, Cardinal Giovanni de Medici was elected pope, as Leo X. This noble patron of art made Rome the desired abode of its greatest followers, and thither came Leonardo da Vinci; but he found many competitors equal, and even superior, to himself. Leonardo, now advancing in years, felt some anxiety from the rising stars of Raffaello and Michael Angelo, both of whom he had before met at Florence. Feeling himself unable to compete with these luminaries, he retired to France, where he concluded his career under the patronage of Francis I. In intimate friendship with this great monarch, he died at Fontainebleau in the seventy-first year of his age.

Da Vinci was a careful and laborious painter; he knew that genius was nothing without diligence. He was long in painting his pictures: on one portrait he spent four years. He neglected nothing that could add to his knowledge of art. It was his constant habit to

carry with him a book, wherein he sketched heads and figures that attracted his attention. It is supposed that Da Vinci was the first who introduced engraving on wood and copper, if he did not invent these arts himself.

MICHAEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

On the 6th of March, 1474, at the Castle Caprese in Tuscany, was born the child who was afterwards to become so renowned. Michael-Angelo was noble by birth: his father was descended from the Counts of Canosa. Probably his wealth did not equal his patrician ancestry; for the proud nobleman sent his son to a grammar-school at Florence. A public school is no unusual place for genius to develop itself, and here it was that Michael-Angelo's soon shone forth. His facility in sketching — a talent always appreciated by schoolboys — made him popular among his young companions: they encouraged him, and their praises fostered the love of art in his bosom. This passion for drawing, however, was pursued in secret; for his father used all his efforts to discourage the boy, thinking, poor man! in his foolish pride, that it would disgrace the noble House of Canosa to produce an artist! He did not know, that, but for that great artist, his ancient house would have been forgotten; and that now Michael-Angelo is remembered for his genius, not for his nobility.

The first story of the boy's progress in art is told of him in his thirteenth year. He borrowed a picture from a friend, and copied it with such exactitude, that it could hardly be distinguished from the original. A plan for a boyish deception came into his head: he confided the

secret to one of his playfellows; and the two boys, with grave faces and many thanks, brought to the lender, not his own picture, but Michael's copy. He, worthy soul, discovered not the cheat put upon him, and was restoring with perfect composure the fac-simile to the place of the original, when Michael's playfellow could resist his mirth no longer, and his irrepressible laughter revealed the jest. This story became known; his undoubted success encouraged the boy; and, to his father's horror, he declared his first resolution to be an artist.

Most likely the incident of the borrowed picture influenced greatly Michael's future life; for in his fourteenth year we find him a pupil of Domenico Ghirlandajo, one of the best painters of the day, and who had studied under Giotto. Doubtless it was only after many struggles with his prejudiced father that Michael-Angelo obtained this favor; but, when gained, he profited by it in proportion to the difficulty with which he had secured it. When fifteen, he one day saw a figure on his master's easel, drawn in a style which he considered far from perfect. He made outlines of the incorrect portions of the drawing on its margin. These outlines were far superior to the picture itself; and his own consciousness of this, and a mean jealousy unworthy of the noble art he followed, made Ghirlandajo ever after strive to depress and injure the bold and talented boy who had dared thus openly to compete with his master.

Michael-Angelo remained with Ghirlandajo only three years, during which time his improvement was owing to his own exertions, and not to his jealous master, who scarcely ever condescended to give him the least instruction. But perseverance often fully atones for the want

of imparted knowledge; and so it was with Michael. Before he left the studio of Ghirlandajo, he had availed himself of permission given to the pupils of Ghirlandajo, by Lorenzo de Medici, to study in an academy which that wise and generous nobleman had instituted for the advancement of sculpture. Here Michael still continued to improve himself, and attracted the attention of Lorenzo the Magnificent by his beautiful drawings. The academy was held, like those early ones of ancient Athens, in a garden. This garden Lorenzo supplied with beautiful sculpture, chiefly ancient, — for the moderns were very far from perfection until Da Vinci's time, — and hither the good nobleman often walked among the objects of his taste and delight, supplied by his own munificent hand, or amused himself in watching the progress of the young artists whom he had invited to study in his grounds, with a kindly liberality which now, alas! exists only in name. — *New Church Magazine.*

(To be continued.)

"LOOK WITHIN."

(Continued from page 18.)

THE girls took their way towards a pleasant grove, on the outskirts of the village, and, meeting Julia, invited her to accompany them. She walked a few steps with them, and then asked where they were going.

"To Elliott's Grove," answered Grace.

"You always go there," said Julia. "Let us go down to the river instead."

Grace and Caroline exchanged a glance. "We are going to the grove to gather wild flowers," said Caroline. "If you would like to go with us, we should be very glad; but we cannot go anywhere else this afternoon."

"We? Did aunt Helen say Ruth must go there?"

"I would rather go with Carry," said Ruth, clinging tighter to her friend's hand; "and I like to go to the grove."

"Go, then!" and Julia walked away. A cheerful "good-bye" followed her, which she did not answer; but, turning to look after them, with a half-wish that she had gone too, she saw her cousin Howard come out of a store, and, joining them, walk on towards the grove. Julia hurried home, feeling herself really ill-used.

"Did you meet Carry Mayland?" asked Mrs. Irvine. "She and Grace Lincoln called here to ask you to walk with them." Julia made no reply. "They are very sweet girls; I should like to have you intimate with them. Did you not see them?"

"Yes'm; but they were going to the grove, and I didn't like to go there."

Mrs. Irvine said no more; and Julia, after turning over the leaves of a book a while, went to the window, and stood looking out. But she saw nothing, for tear after tear gathered in her eyes and blinded her; and she would not wipe them away, lest her aunt should notice that she was crying. Ruth came back just before tea, smiling and happy; and little Amy was delighted with the wild flowers which her friends had not forgotten to gather for her.

"Where is Howard, Ruth? Did I not see him with you?"

"Oh! yes, mother; but he went home with Grace. He said it wasn't fair to see Carry and me to our own doors, and leave her to go alone."

"Then he will not come home to tea. If he once sets foot in Mrs. Lincoln's house, he will stay."

"He loves Walter so much," said Ruth. "And it would be hard not to stay, if Walter wished it."

"Why?" asked Julia, turning round.

"Because he is ill and lame, and cannot go out," answered Ruth; "and he is always kind and good, like Grace. Every one loves him."

"And he is Howard's school-mate and dearest friend," added Mrs. Irvine. "He fell and broke his leg, a while ago, and is confined to his chamber; so, of course, his friends are desirous to please him and make him happy."

"It must be so hard," said Ruth, "to be shut up there this beautiful weather."

"I don't know," murmured Julia. "I wouldn't mind a broken limb, if people would try to please me!"

Mrs. Irvine heard the words, but made no comment. She saw Julia was unhappy, and resolved to take an early opportunity of conversing with her; for she loved her niece tenderly, and was sorry that her visit should not be a pleasant one. Julia was silent and still through the short evening, and went to her chamber much earlier than usual. Howard had not returned; Amy had long been asleep; and, telling Ruth it was her bed-time, Mrs. Irvine went to find her niece. Julia was not

asleep, nor had she gone to bed. She was kneeling by the low window, with her head resting on her hands, and crying bitterly.

"Julia, my love!" and Mrs. Irvine laid her hand gently on the little girl's head. "Is any thing the matter? Are you not well?"

"I want to go home," she sobbed, without moving from her position.

"My dear child, you know that cannot be at present. But we would not have you unhappy here: tell me the trouble."

"I don't think anybody here cares for me," replied Julia, still crying. "That is, except you and uncle. The girls at school don't like me, and Howard always vexes me, and Ruth and Amy wish I was gone, — I know they do."

Mrs. Irvine sat down, and drew Julia closer to her. "My dear little girl," she said, tenderly, "I am very glad that you feel sure of my affection and your uncle's; but I do not think you know how kindly others feel toward you. Ruth and Amy like to have you here; they said so this very day; and, as to Howard, I do not know that it is best to tell you how much he praises you sometimes."

"Howard! Does he?" she asked, eagerly.

"Certainly he does; and you deserve praise for many things, — for your orderly ways, your neatness and industry, in all of which you set your cousins an excellent example. You must not think that Howard wishes to annoy you, when he laughs at you, or reproves you: he treats you as he does his sisters, and only speaks of your faults that you may correct them. And as for

your school-mates, I am sure that some of them feel kindly towards you, and why should not all?"

Julia laid her head in her aunt's lap, and wiped away her tears; but she did not speak. Mrs. Irvine continued: "I don't know whether you have heard, Julia, that I lost my parents before I was as old as you, and went to live with a cousin of my mother's. She was very kind to me, though very strict in her discipline; and when I came home, as I sometimes did, with complaints of my teacher or my companions, or when I was fretful or discontented, she would say, with her odd, grave smile, 'Look within, Helen; see whether you are not to blame yourself.' And, though sometimes I did not like this, cousin Ruth would talk with me, and help me to look within, until I saw that some of the fault, at least, was on my side. I told her, one day, that I did not like her motto very well, for I did not see pleasant things by looking within my own heart; to which she replied, 'So much more need of looking, then; for you will try to banish the evil things.' Now, Julia, may it not be the same in your case? and shall not you, if you look within, find that you may be somewhat in fault?"

"I don't know; I would play with them if they would let me."

"And is there no reason why they will not? What do they say?"

"Ruth says I am tyrannical, but that is because she heard Howard say so. The girls call me cross and rude; but I don't think I am,—do you?"

"I think you are apt to be rude. And Howard was quite right, Julia. All those who abuse their power, or

try to make others continually yield to them, are tyrannical; and do not you do this? Do you not always try to make Ruth and Amy do as you say? Do you not, at school, insist upon having the plays that you like best, and playing in the way you like best? In short, do you ever willingly resign your own wishes to others?"

A new light broke on Julia's mind: she had never before thought of her conduct, as it appeared to others. She began to cry again, but did not answer. "I do not wish to blame you too much, Julia. Circumstances have increased a tendency which was natural to you from the first. At home, you are the eldest child, and have had the care and direction of the younger ones, to a considerable degree; and you have been allowed an authority over them, which perhaps was necessary. It would have been strange if a girl of your age had not abused her power somewhat, under such circumstances; and I noticed, when I was at your home, many instances of tyranny on your part, of which you were entirely unconscious. Frank and Mary did not complain, because they were used to obeying you, and knew that your mother trusted you; but it was no less tyranny, because they did not resist. Here you have no such power; Ruth and Amy know that they can appeal to me, and school-girls always can settle such matters for themselves. There is a tribunal of public opinion among them, which usually renders unnecessary any appeal to authority; and by this, it seems, you have been condemned. Now are they entirely wrong?"

"But I did not mean to be selfish and unkind,"

sobbed Julia ; "and at home the school-girls did not do so."

"Because there were a great many of them, and you easily found some who would obey you, so that your love of power had no check. I have been thinking that it was fortunate you came here, that you might learn the lesson you so much needed ; and I hesitated whether to speak to you, or to let you learn by your own experience. But I thought it better, on the whole, to speak, because I did not believe you were aware of your own share in your unhappiness ; and I had enough confidence in your desire to do right, and in your strength of will, to believe that you would acknowledge your fault, and strive to correct it."

"But what shall I do, aunt Helen ? How can I correct it ?"

"You will find it hard, my love, very hard ; but you must endeavor to practise self-denial. Give up your wishes to others without murmuring, and try to please your companions in every thing that is right. Be gentle in your manners and speech, and do not *insist*, when your requests are refused or your suggestions unheeded. And bear your school-mates' dislike patiently ; it will soon wear off, if they see you are striving to be kind and considerate."

"Amy is very willing to give up," said Julia.

"Very ; almost too much so. And Ruth is pretty well behaved in that respect, although she does resist you, Julia. But they are hardly old enough to be examples for you ; Grace Lincoln would do better."

"Grace doesn't have to give up, aunt Helen ; they all do whatever she likes."

"Simply because she is always ready to resign her own wishes to theirs, my dear; and she does it so quietly and kindly that one can hardly see she does resign them. And there is Caroline; she loves power as well you, I think; but does she ever insist on the others obeying her?"

"She makes her sister Rose mind her, sometimes; but she seems to try to please her, too. I don't think she tyrannizes, aunt. Oh! I will try; and will you help me?"

"Certainly I will; but when Ruth says you are selfish, or Howard calls you Queen Julia, you need not be offended. Think what you have done to cause such a reproof, and you will not be angry with them. And that reminds me that Ruth asked me to tell you she was sorry for speaking unkindly this afternoon, when you were at play."

"She need not; I was most to blame," said Julia, candidly. "And I am two years older, besides. Good night, aunt Helen."

A. A.

(To be continued.)

SIN.

MAN-LIKE it is to fall into sin,
Fiend-like it is to dwell therein,
Christ-like it is for sin to grieve,
God-like it is all sin to leave.

Longfellow.

THE IVY IN THE DUNGEON.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

THE ivy in a dungeon grew,
Unfed by rain, uncheered by dew ;
Its pallid leaflets only drank
Cave moistures foul and odors dank.

But through the dungeon-grating high
There fell a sunbeam from the sky :
It slept upon the grateful floor
In silent gladness evermore.

The ivy felt a tremor shoot
Through all its fibres to the root ;
It felt the light, it saw the ray,
It strove to blossom into day.

It grew, it crept, it pushed, it clomb —
Long had the darkness been its home ;
But well it knew, though veiled in night,
The goodness and the joy of light.

Its clinging roots grew deep and strong,
Its stem expanded firm and long,
And in the currents of the air
Its tender branches flourished fair.

It reached the beam — it thrilled, it curled,
It blessed the warmth that cheers the world ;
It rose toward the dungeon-bars,
It looked upon the sun and stars.

It felt the life of bursting spring,
It heard the happy skylark sing ;
It caught the breath of morns and eves,
And wooed the swallow to its leaves.

By rains and dews and sunshine fed,
Over the outer wall it spread ;
And, in the day-beam waving free,
It grew into a steadfast tree.

Upon that solitary place
Its verdure threw adorning grace ;
The mating birds became its guests,
And sang its praises from their nests.

Would'st know the moral of the rhyme ?
Behold the heavenly light ! and climb :
To every dungeon comes a ray
Of God's interminable day.

GALL FLIES AND NUT GALLS.

HAVE you ever noticed the great round balls on some species of the oak ? No doubt you have, if you are much accustomed to ramble in the forest. Well, how do you suppose those balls are produced ? Perhaps, without giving much thought to the matter, you may have regarded them as the fruit of the tree. But such is not the case. The acorn is the only legitimate fruit which the oak-tree produces. Those balls are produced by a family of little insects, called *gall flies*.

There are a great many species of the gall fly; and, though their habits are similar, they choose respectively very different places for their abode.

While travelling between Florence and Rome, my attention was frequently attracted to a shrub by the roadside, on which grew, in considerable abundance, what appeared to be a curious kind of apple. Anxious to satisfy myself, however, in relation to the matter, I asked the driver of our carriage to stop, so as to give me an opportunity to examine the shrub. He did so; and what was my surprise to find, that these numerous and beautifully-formed apples, as they appeared at a little distance, were nothing more or less than excrescences (warts, to use a shorter word, but one which does not quite so well convey my meaning) made by insects!

The insects which cause such warts on different plants are all provided with a curious instrument, something like a gimlet. With this instrument it pierces the bark of the tree, and lays its eggs there. The pieces of the vegetable flowing out through the apertures which are thus opened, aid in forming the wart, which goes by the name of a *gall*. In this gall the egg is enclosed, which, in due time, becomes a little caterpillar. The young insects find in their abode food necessary for their support. They suck and gnaw the inside of the gall, the outside of which grows and becomes harder in proportion as the centre part is eaten away.

Galls may be found in every part of a plant. Roots, branches, leaves, and even buds, are thus invaded, as the space required in different circumstances varies greatly. Some galls are not larger than the head of a pin, others are of considerable size. Some galls are juicy, and

others extremely hard. This variety seems dependent on the pleasure of the insect. On the same leaf one insect will produce a gall of the former, and another that of the latter kind. Many galls have a cavity, shutting up a certain number of caterpillars living in society. Others have many small cavities, between which there are communications. In some cases, more than a hundred cells may be observed, each of which contains a single caterpillar. Other species of galls have but a single cell, inhabited by a caterpillar, which lives alone.

The majority of galls increase in size very rapidly. Those of the largest species grow in a few days, and sometimes even, as it appears, before the caterpillar issues from the egg; so that, when it does so, its lodging is ready made, and requires no further increase. These little creatures grow very fast, but they remain in the gall five or six months. Some pass into the chrysalis state in the gall, from which they escape in the perfect form, after making a small hole in it.

Galls present great varieties of form. The most common ones are rounded. Some have received, from their color and figure, the names of certain fruits which they resemble. Some found on the oak are called apple, gooseberry, or pippin galls. Some are like fruits in their spongy texture. Among those which are of a round form, some are fixed upon the plant, and others only hold there by a short stem.

There is a species of fibrous gall which is very remarkable. It is as large as an apple, and is covered with long reddish threads. It appears on the eglantine, or sweet briar, which sometimes bears three or four of these galls. The same shrub presents a still rarer species.

It grows at the end of its branches, where it forms a mass composed of a dozen little galls, of various forms. These two species owe their origin to the same insect.

The far-famed apples of Sodom, of which you have doubtless heard, and which are described as beautiful to the eye, but crumbling to bitter ashes at the slightest touch, are now well ascertained to be the product of one species of the gall insect. The tree on which these galls are found, grows in the vicinity of the Dead Sea. It is about six feet high; and the galls attain the size, at maturity, of a small apricot.

But the most useful of all the galls is the *nut-gall*, which is so extensively used in dyeing. This valuable gall grows on a species of the oak. The galls you will notice on the lower part of the branch. There are two of them. The tree grows abundantly in Asia Minor, Syria, and Persia.

These galls have no smell, but a bitter and astringent taste. They are much used in the manufacture of ink. They are nearly round, and vary from the size of a pea to that of a hazel-nut. When good, they are of a black, or deep olive color. They are heavy and brittle, and break with a flinty fracture. They are known in commerce by the names of white, green, and blue. The white are those which have not been gathered till the insect has made its escape; they are not so heavy as the others, are of a lighter color, and do not fetch so high a price. The green and blue galls are gathered before the escape of the insect. They are heavier and darker than the former, and are said to yield about one-third more of useful coloring matter. — *Youth's Cabinet*.

A SHORT SERMON.

YOUR ministers occasionally preach sermons to you, children; and these sermons, as far as our experience goes, you like to hear; but written sermons for children are very rare. Yet children soon grow old enough to read other books than story-books on the sabbath, and we have thought we might occasionally write a short sermon for you; — short, so that you may not grow weary of it; and simple, because the simpler a truth is, the more beautiful it is, as well as the more easily understood.

If you look in the Gospel of St. Luke, you will find these words at the 51st verse: "And he went home with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject to them."

St. Luke has just been writing the story of Jesus in the temple. He has told how he astonished all the old and wise men of Jerusalem, by his words; but then came his father and mother searching for him and sorrowing, and he "went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them."

This one short sentence reveals to us his whole childhood. With his high and holy wisdom, with the knowledge of his wonderful powers, he yet was obedient to his parents. We can imagine

"How beautiful his childhood was,
Harmless and undefiled;"

and it will do all children good to think about it. Think

about it; for the more you think of the holy One, the more you will desire to be like him.

This is the first great lesson his life teaches, — the lesson of obedience to parents: this, the only circumstance preserved of his childhood, is full of meaning and interest. I dare say, you very often hear it said that “children have their own way now.” This is not strictly true, yet children enjoy much more freedom of both speech and action than was the case fifty years ago; and now, as we dare say it was then, all children *want* their own way. Not so our blessed Saviour. His will was the will of his parents. He was “subject unto them.” He gave up his own wishes to please them. Even though he knew so much better than his parents what was right and wrong, he obeyed them.

You cannot know better than your parents. It is true that sometimes a poor outcast child is taught by those who love the poor, and learns to do right, and teaches its parents; but you, who are the objects of your parents’ kindest care and deepest thought, do not know as well what is for your own good as they do.

When, therefore, you wish to do something contrary to your parent’s desires, remember that Jesus was subject to his parents. Remember that obedience to them is your first duty, as it is the first lesson taught by the Saviour’s life. You are not subject to them if you obey them unwillingly, and with a sullen or angry spirit. It is only then the outward action in which you conform, and your hearts are disobedient all the time; but learn to obey with cheerfulness. God calls his older children to obey him in spirit, to receive all that he sends them with submission and patience; and how much easier

will it be for you to obey him when you grow up, if you have learned to put your will in subjection to that of your earthly parents !

May this be the prayer of all your hearts : " Our Father in heaven, may we learn of Jesus to give our earliest years and thoughts to thee. May we even now be always about our Father's business. May we, as thy children, love and cheerfully obey our earthly parents ; and may thy grace be upon us, and dwell within our hearts, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

ED.

THE ROYAL FAN.

(See Engraving.)

WE cannot give our readers the history of this fan, which is very beautiful in its design ; but we conjecture that the fan itself, not the engraving, might have been one of the many beautiful things at the London Crystal Palace.

The group in the centre represents Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. At the right are the Prince of Wales, the Princess Alice, and a still younger sister. At the left are the little Duke of York, and his sister Helena ; and, further still, the Princess Royal, with her infant sister. Report says, with what truth we know not, that this royal family are well-disciplined ; and, though they are necessarily much indulged on account of their high station, still they are forced to be obedient and industrious.

On the sticks of the fan are the royal arms of England.

ED.

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 24.

May 30. — I am rather tired of my journal, and so I do not write much in it now. Mrs. Lane asked me, to-day, "Is there any thing you are not tired of?" Aunt Mary tells me to "rouse up, and be a busy little girl;" and father says "it isn't at all worth while to be tired, and yet do nothing." But I am tired, and I wish they *would let* me rest and do nothing.

Carrie hasn't been at school for three days. I have ever so many things I want to tell her. I don't like to draw or sew without her. To-day I watched for her on the school-house steps until all the girls had gone in, and she did not come. It made me have very dull spirits. So, after school, I went to ask her mother where she was; and Mr. Monroe told me that she was very sick of the scarlet-fever. He said, "Maria Gerry has it; and if you don't take care, Annie, you may have it, too." Well, if it isn't very bad, I should be very willing to have it while Carrie stays away from school.

July 1. — *If* the scarlet-fever "isn't very bad!" was not that a foolish speech? I know well enough, now, that I shall never be willing to have it again. It makes people feel *awfully*, even after they get well; for now, when I try to play or dress the dolls, or write in my journal, it makes me feel worse than I ever did before in my life. Maria has not got well yet.

July 2. — It does not make people *good* to be sick. I have discovered that. I remember very well how I acted all the time; and I don't feel very pleasant now. Whenever they brought a light into the room, I

squealed and fretted, and such a fuss as I made about the medicines! Cannot people ever get well without those abominable medicines? It seems to me they only make us feel ten times worse! One night, aunt Mary watched with me; and I did not dare to tell her that I would not take them. She kept making me sit up, and drink them down; and she looked at me so that I had to do it.

Then she told me part of a hymn, —

“The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.”

To-day, when I heard Emelia studying that hymn, I could not help thinking of that “bitter taste,” — a thousand times worse than bitter, I think! “Sweet will be the flower,” — that means getting well, I suppose; and it isn't so very sweet, after all, — such a headache all the time, and *so tired*!

Oh! there is a great carriage, with some strange gentlemen and ladies, stopping here. Who can they be?

July 3. — It was a great company we had yesterday. Nobody knew them but father, and he was at the bank; but they came in very merrily, and said that they were travelling, and thought they would stop a little while in town. Two of them were only girls, — father's cousins, they said. One of them was beautiful, — such rosy cheeks, and so full of fun! She laughed so, that Em did not know what to say. Mrs. Lane had a dreadful time getting dinner ready for so many strangers. It was very late, and Percy and I had to sit at a side-table, by ourselves. After dinner we went out to the summer-

house, and they told us about their ride. One of the gentlemen said that all the roads were so pleasant, they couldn't decide which to take, and so they let the horses choose. At first the road was rather barren and desolate; but presently they went dashing down a steep hill, and all of a sudden came upon a sweet little river, and a bridge and a mill, and a little, cozy house in the midst of great old trees, and behind them a grand blue river. On the little bridge they stopped, and looked all around, for a long time. Then one of them went to the house, and asked for some water to drink. And the lady of the house, they said, was the most beautiful of all. She came out, and invited them into the house. Then she gave them a lunch of strawberries and cake, and then invited them to take the little row-boat, and go as far up the river as they liked. That, they said, was the reason they were so late here.

At five o'clock, they all went away; all but Lucia. She is only a little older than I am, and father wished her to stay a day or two, and get acquainted with us all.

July 8. — This morning father went home with Lucia, and took May with him, — not to Lucia's home, but to her sister's, where she is visiting, in the country. I should like to have a sister in the country to visit. Lucia is a very still girl, so different from Carrie! One night, after we went to bed, I tried to entertain her with a long story, and just in the midst she fell fast asleep! How impolite! But she was gentle and good, and she told me wonderful things about her friends and school-mates, and the *royal* times they have when they go to her sister's together, in the summer time.

July 15. — There is a pleasant-looking man down

stairs, talking with father, about a housekeeper to come and take care of us. I heard him say, "She will be kind to the children, I promise you; for I have known her many years." He told a long story, how her husband went to sea, and was gone, — oh! I do not know how long; then he sent for her to meet him, and she went. She travelled ever so far, — I don't know where, and she stayed there almost a year, waiting for him; but he never came. I hope she will come here, if she is only kind to children, and I think we would be kind to her. Her name is Mrs. Clair.

July 20. — Yesterday afternoon I went to aunt Mary's, and had a pleasant time with Lucy, — she always makes me laugh so much, and I do love to laugh. May came after tea, to walk home with me. She said that the new housekeeper had come, and that Eva was afraid of her. Naughty little thing! She cried all tea-time, and had to be carried into the garden to be amused. May said, "it made Mrs. Clair feel dreadfully" (I should think it would), "she is such a little bit of a woman, with such *monstrous* great black eyes!" May and I both jumped, when we heard some one say that, all of a sudden. We looked round, and there was Percy, trying to jump over our shoulders! We walked very slowly, for we were near home; and it seemed so strange to think of a housekeeper, a woman we had never seen, to take care of us. But when she looked at me pleasantly, with her great eyes, and smiled, I thought, "She *will* be kind," and tried not to feel so sober.

July 27. — This afternoon father took us to walk with him. We did not know where we were going until

we came to the grave-yard, and walked up to mother's grave. Father stood and leaned against the stone for a little while, and then we came away. He did not talk to us at all, and Eva was still and quiet all the way as she could be. I wanted to talk; but I was afraid, and could not think of any thing to say. There was a little willow-tree and a rose-bush near the grave.

F. E. H.

THE SPOT ON THE SOUL.

"WHERE can my geography be?" said a little girl, anxiously, to her mother. "I have looked all around, and cannot find it; and now it is school-time. Oh dear! Dick has had it, I know."

"So he has," said a cherry-cheeked little one of about four years old; "and I did find it under the apple-tree."

"O mother! what a bad boy our Richard is!" said Celia, quite severely. "I do wish he would behave better. I cannot take any care of my things, he is so meddlesome."

To her mother's reply, that she must not get out of patience with Dicky, she gave little heed, but hurried off to school, fretting by the way as she glanced at the marks of her brother's fingers on the pages of her book. School had not commenced when she arrived; and she showed her book to her school-mates, and gave them a history of her troublesome brother, and finished by saying that she never could have any thing decent.

Then she began to rub her book violently with India

rubber; and in this process she spent so much time, that she had a poor lesson, and lost her merit. This made her still more unhappy; and so disturbed was her mind, that her lessons were imperfect all day; and, when she went home, she told her mother about her troubles, crying piteously, and asking her mother to forbid Richard ever to touch any of her books.

"But yesterday you were very glad to have Richard go to Miss Pratt's for your new dress," said her mother.

Celia thought she should not want him to do any thing more for her; she had rather wait upon herself than have him spoiling every thing.

Her mother saw that she was in a dark and angry state of mind; and she took her by the hand, and said, "Dear Celia, it is unpleasant to have your books and playthings soiled; but it is much worse to have impurity upon your mind. When your book is soiled, the marks may be erased, or a new book procured; but anger is a blot upon your immortal soul. If you suffer it to remain, it becomes hatred, which spreads and poisons the whole being. You have had unkind and angry feelings towards your brother all day; you have been thinking of Richard's careless treatment of your book, and have been yourself careless of what is of so much more consequence, — the purity of your own soul. That has been defiled with anger all day."

Poor Celia began to look at the subject in a different light. "Yes; I know I have been angry, mother," said she; "but how could I help it, to see my new geography treated so? You do not think it is right for Dicky to do so, do you?"

"No, indeed; it is not right," said Mrs. Morse; "but Dicky is a little boy, and means no harm. It is not so wrong as for you to get out of temper; that is not the way to cure him."

"And is it true, mother," said Celia, "that I have had a blot upon my soul all day to-day? Oh, yes! I know it is; and it is there now. I wish I could get it off. I see now how much worse it is than those finger-marks that I thought so bad on my book. Poor little Richard! how rough I was to him at recess, and would not give him an apple! I feel very sorry now; but, if Dicky should break my doll's head, or tear any of my books, I should feel just so cross again. How can I help it?"

Her mother told her always to be as kind as possible to her heedless little brother, and not to talk about his faults to the school-girls, and to pray the Lord to give her so much love for her brother that she might be always patient and kind with him, and then he would love her so much that he would try very hard not to injure any thing that belonged to her.

Celia Morse had a great love of the neat and beautiful, which her mother did not seek to repress, but to cultivate in its proper place. And, as she grew older, she came to feel that nothing was so beautiful as a pure and affectionate soul, and that all outward order and beauty which is obtained at the expense of inward beauty is too dearly bought; but that a beautiful soul seeks and loves a corresponding beauty without, and quietly, gently, lovingly tends to produce it.

ALICE.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE
DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

Nor when the autumn of life draws near,
And, like the leaf, thou art blighted and sear;
Not when the sands of thy hour run low,
And age, with tottering steps and slow,
Hath bent thy form and sealed thy brow,
Shalt thou before thy Maker bow.

Not then! not then!

When the loved and the cherished have long passed away,
And left thee alone with the leaves to decay;
When gold is as worthless as dross in thy sight,
And the day-star of gladness hath changed into night;
When thy heart-strings are mute, that once quivered with
mirth,

And the cord well nigh broken that bound thee to earth,

Not then! not then!

But when, in the beauty of youth's early prime,
Thy bark shall glide on with the swiftness of time;
When the dark clouds of sorrow o'ercast not the sky,
Nor the harp-strings of sadness their moaning waft by,
'Tis then thou'rt bidden to kneel at His shrine,
That a home in yon heaven may ever be thine.

'Tis then! 'tis then!

E. B. H.

EDITORIAL.

BOOK-NOTICES do not form a part of our plan for the reading matter of the "Child's Friend." Yet occasionally we feel it due to acknowledge the courtesy of exchange-papers and of publishers.

"Minnie Brown" is the title of one of a series of twelve books, called "Uncle Toby's Library." If the whole series is as good as this specimen, we shall gladly recommend them to our little friends between the ages of six and nine.

"The Schoolfellow" has come out in a new dress for the New Year. We think it would be difficult to find a better periodical for children. We particularly liked the remarks of Mrs. Manners on New Year's presents, and think it would not be amiss were some "children of a larger growth" to read them and profit by them. The engravings have the merit of being expressly designed for the book. We hope an increased circulation will enable the publishers to continue it in its more attractive form.

RIDDLE.

THE beginning of what is all emptiness take,
 (And for it a search philosophical make,)
 Then the innermost part of a delicate fruit,
 And the head of a savage and tropical brute;
 With the dregs of a glass of very strong ale,
 And the head of a sharply pointed nail,
 With the very end of its slender point;
 Then the middle slice of a smoking joint,
 The cap of a nun, so still and demure,
 The outside of an egg — not its shell, be quite sure,
 The foamy top of the surf that dashes,
 And the end of a rod that smartly lashes;
 The grounds of a cup of Hyson tea,
 And the end of joy, full sad to see.

No witch's compound will greet your eyes,
 But what you all will highly prize;
 Ere our pages again shall meet your sight,
 You will have it and lose it: come, read us aright.

ED.

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ROTHWELL BRIDGE.

BOTHWELL BRIDGE.

BOTHWELL BRIGG was the scene of one of the most distinguished victories of the old Scottish Covenanters. Our young readers will remember that the Covenanters were so called from having signed "a solemn league and covenant," in opposition to the liturgy that the English monarch wished to have used in all the Scotch churches. The oldest of our little friends will enjoy, if they have not already done so, the description which Sir Walter Scott gives in "Old Mortality" of this celebrated battle, and will instinctively feel a reverence for those honest-minded, though over-zealous men, who for their war-cry sent forth the verses of a psalm, and whose religious faith and zeal we cannot but respect, even though it led them through terrible seas of blood.

This battle took place in 1679.

We may learn from these Scottish Presbyterians one of the most important lessons of religion, — to see God in every thing, and to acknowledge his hand in every event of our lives. We can learn from them, too, to be zealous in the cause of truth and right, and to bear unmoved, as they bore, the persecutions and taunts of those who would persuade us to act contrary to our convictions of right.

The truest heroes are not found on the battle-field, and the boy who suffers from the ridicule of his companions for the cause of right is as great a one as an old Scottish Covenanter, though as great effects may not follow his heroism, and though a Scott will certainly be wanting to chronicle his deeds.

ED.

"LOOK WITHIN."

(Concluded from page 55.)

A FEW days after, Julia came into the room where Ruth and Howard were sitting, to look for a book she had been reading. At first she did not find it; but, suddenly perceiving it in Ruth's hand, she went to her. "That is my book, Ruth; I want it."

Ruth, who was a high-spirited child, and quick-tempered, was always disposed to resist her cousin's assumption of authority; and Julia's tone was certainly not conciliatory. She took no notice of the request.

"Ruth Irvine, give me my book directly!"

Ruth turned to the fly-leaf, and read aloud, "Grace Lincoln, from her brother Walter."

"Grace lent it to me, Ruth, and I had not finished it. Let me have it this instant." And she tried to take it by force. Ruth resisted; and just then Julia saw Howard looking on with an expression of sorrow that recalled her better resolutions. She loosed her hold of the contested prize; and, saying, "Keep it if you wish," she left the room. Her tone had been kind; and Howard's approving smile gave her so much pleasure, that she felt happier without the book than she would had she obtained it.

"Ruth, I am ashamed of you," said Howard, the instant the door closed. "Why could you not give Julia the book when she asked for it?"

Ruth knew she had been wrong, but did not choose to

own it. "She didn't *ask*; and she need not have tried to snatch it away."

"We are not speaking of her conduct, Ruth, but of yours. She had a right to the book, and you ought to have given it to her at once. I am sorry that a sister of mine should be so rude." He said no more on the subject, but quietly resumed his writing; and Ruth, uncomfortable and ashamed, tried in vain to interest herself in the book, and soon threw it aside and went to play with Amy. The girls did not meet again till they came to supper, and then nothing was said of their dispute; but Julia, sorry that she had forgotten herself, tried to be more obliging and gentle than ever, while Ruth was shy and constrained.

"Amy," said Howard, a while after tea, "come and see my motto-seals: I promised you that you should." Amy seated herself on her brother's knee, and began to examine the seals, of which he had a great collection. Ruth and Julia both came to the table, and stood looking on. "I think I shall give away some of these," continued Howard, "I have too many. Would you like one, Amy? Well, let us see: here is a dog, — you like dogs; and here is a dove with a letter in his beak. You may have either of them." Amy looked, hesitated, and finally chose the dove. "And now, Julia, you shall have your choice of these: there are all kinds, solemn and sentimental, grave and funny. Consider well."

Julia took some time to make her selection, and then said, "I will take this."

"And what is 'this'? 'Look within.' Could you find no prettier one, Julia?"

"I like this best," she answered, "if I may have it."

"Certainly you may; and, as it is in a setting, you can wear it round your neck if you like."

"And here is a ribbon for it, Julia," said Mrs. Irvine, who guessed the reason of the choice.

"But, Howard, don't put them away yet. You haven't given Ruth one."

"Ruth? I don't think I can spare her one to-night, Amy. Perhaps I shall feel more generous to-morrow. But you may play with them, if you like."

Ruth instantly perceived her brother's meaning. She blushed, and, turning away, looked at Julia, who was now reading at her aunt's side. She chanced to meet the look: the borrowed volume was in her hand. "Do you want it, Ruth?" she asked, holding it out to her, smilingly.

Ruth shook her head, and Julia gained another look of approval from Howard, whom she both loved and feared. Ruth's discomfort increased, and she was glad when her mother went to take Amy to bed. Then she looked from her brother to her cousin, hesitated, and finally spoke: "I did wrong about that book, Julia. I ought to have given it to you when you asked me." She did not add that she was sorry, for she was not particularly penitent.

"Well, I was wrong too," said Julia, good-humoredly; "for I might have waited. Don't let us say any more about it; but come, sit here, and we will read it together." Ruth complied; and her brother noticed, that, after a little while, she put her arm around Julia, and kissed her. It was her way of saying she was sorry.

It was well for Julia Harrison that she did not soon return home; that she remained many months with her

aunt, and received her constant care and assistance. She had many trials; she found it very hard to conquer her propensity to domineer over others; and she had much to bear from some of her school-mates, who were not easily convinced of the sincerity of her amendment. "She knows she can't make us mind her, and she must be civil if she wishes to play with us," they said; and her efforts to please them they ascribed to a wish to gain influence in another way. But Caroline and Grace stood by her in this trial, and supported her with their sympathy and affection; and Ruth forgot to resist, when requests were substituted for commands, and persuasions for threats.

"I wish I could live here always, aunt Helen," said Julia, a day or two before her return home. "I never was so happy."

"We shall be sorry enough to have you go," said Caroline Mayland, who, with Grace Lincoln, was spending the afternoon there. "We love you too much to part with you willingly."

"So do we all," added Ruth. "Julia is just the best playfellow in the world. I don't know what Amy and I will do without her."

Just then Howard came in, accompanied by Walter Lincoln. He held a wreath of flowers and leaves in his hand, which he gravely declared the fairies had given him; and, advancing to the little group of girls, he placed it on his cousin's head, saying, "Long life to Queen Julia! and many happy returns of the day!"

"I thought you had laid aside that nickname long ago," she answered, speaking rather sadly, and coloring deeply.

"As a nickname, yes. But is it not your thirteenth birthday? and are you not queen of the day? Do I not see upon your arm a bracelet of woven hair, the offering of your fair subjects here? And are you not," he added, in a lower tone, "queen by a still better right? The good book tells us, that he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

"But I have not learned to rule my spirit yet, Howard."

"You are in a fair way to do it, I think," he answered gaily. "And you will have my invaluable assistance in the prosecution of the work; for I shall have the pleasure of residing in your family during the three years I am to be in college."

Julia was glad of this; for she felt her weakness too much not to be thankful for all the help she could have, and she knew well that at home temptations would be greater than in her aunt's family. "But I shall remember your motto, aunt Helen," she said, when they were conversing at night; "and, if I grow discontented or fretful, I will 'look within,' and see if the fault is not there. I am very glad I stayed this last year with you; but I wish my mother was like you. I cannot expect such help from her."

"You know where to look for help, Julia," replied her aunt; "and you know the promise, 'Ask, and ye shall receive.' For earthly aid, you will have Howard with you, and you may write at any time to me; and our Father in heaven is ever ready to aid us, if we go to him in humility and faith. Have faith and courage, my child, and you will certainly succeed."

A. A.

ANECDOTES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

MICHAEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

(Continued from p. 48.)

IN this garden of art, the young Michael-Angelo one day saw a fellow-student modelling in clay, — a branch of instruction then very uncommon. He felt a wish to do the same, and attempted an imitation, which Lorenzo, who happened to pass by, praised with such warmth, that the young artist determined to try his skill in marble. He begged a piece of broken marble and a tool from some workmen who were employed in ornamenting the palace, and cheerfully and eagerly set to work. He chose as his model a mask of a "Laughing Faun," which was lying in the garden, much mutilated by time. But Michael remedied all these defects in his copy, and likewise added some improvements from his own powers of invention. The mask was nearly finished, when, a few days after, Lorenzo again visited his garden.

"This is wonderful in a youth like you," cried the delighted nobleman. He examined the work, compared it with the original, and praised the several additions which Michael's genius had prompted.

"But," said this acute patron and lover of art, with a good-humored smile, "there is one thing I do not quite approve, though it is but a slight fault in so good a work — you have restored all the old man's teeth; whereas, you know, a person of that age has generally some wanting."

The young man acquiesced in this sensible remark; and, when Lorenzo had departed, he broke a tooth from the upper jaw of the mask, and drilled a hole in the gum, to show that it had decayed and fallen out in course of nature. On Lorenzo's next visit, he was so delighted with the ingenious way in which Michael Angelo had followed up his patron's hint, that he gave the young artist an apartment in his house; made him a guest at his table; introduced him to the noble, wealthy, and learned that thronged the palace of the greatest of the Medici; and, in short, adopted him as his own son.

When only seventeen, Michael-Angelo executed for Lorenzo a basso-relievo in bronze: the subject was the "Battle of Centaurs." When very old, the great painter once came to see this work of his early youth, and was heard to say that he regretted that he had not entirely devoted himself to sculpture. His next work was a "Sleeping Cupid." The wise of that age thought it impossible for modern art to produce any thing equal to the antique; and they were not far wrong, for Michael-Angelo had not then arisen. So the dealer who purchased his Cupid had the cunning adroitness to stain it in imitation of the defacements of time, and bury it in a vineyard. He afterwards pretended to discover it by accident, and sold it as an antique statue to Cardinal San Giorgio. The praise it obtained induced him to reveal the secret; the deceived public generously forgave the trick, and the artist was invited to Rome, where Pope Julius II. commissioned him to erect a mausoleum. Michael's design was magnificent. When he showed it to the pope, his Holiness inquired the cost of such a splendid work. Michael answered that it would amount

to a hundred thousand crowns; and the pope liberally gave him permission to expend twice that sum. The mausoleum was commenced: Pope Julius was so delighted with it, that he had a covered way from his palace erected, that he might visit the artist and his work *incognito*. This was too great a favor not to excite the envy of a court. Ill words and unkind slanders were spoken of Michael. They reached the pope's ear, as it was intended, and he visited Buonarotti no more. Michael came to the Vatican, which had been at all times open to him; but it was not so now. A groom of the chamber stopped his entrance.

"Do you know to whom you speak?" asked the indignant painter.

"Perfectly well," said the man; "and I only do my duty in obeying the orders my master has given."

"Then tell the pope," replied Michael, "if he wants me, he may come and seek me elsewhere himself."

The insulted artist returned immediately to his house, ordered his servants to sell his furniture, and follow him to Florence; and left Rome that very night. Great was the pope's consternation. Couriers were immediately sent after Michael. But it was too late; he had already passed the boundary of the pope's jurisdiction, and force was of no avail. The couriers reached Florence, and delivered the pope's letter. Michael's answer was this: "I have been expelled from the antechamber of your Holiness, without meriting disgrace; therefore I have left Rome to preserve my reputation. I will not return, as your Holiness commands. If I have been deemed worthless one day, how can I be valued the next,

except by a caprice alike discreditable to the one who shows it, and the one towards whom it is shown?"

Julius next wrote to the government of Florence, using these conciliatory words: "We know the humor of men like Michael-Angelo. If he will return, we promise that none shall offend him or interfere with him, and he shall be reinstated in our apostolic grace." But Michael was inflexible. Again and again the pope wrote, and still this proud and high-spirited man refused to heed him. At last the chief magistrate of Florence became alarmed. He sent for the artist, and said, "You have treated the pope as the king of France himself would not have dared. We cannot bring him to war against the state on your account; therefore you must obey his will." The magistrate promised also, if Michael feared for his personal safety, to send him as ambassador to Rome, in which case his person would be inviolable. At last, Michael relented, and met the pope at Bologna. Julius glanced at him with displeasure, and did not for some time design to speak. At last he said, "Instead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should wait upon you."

Michael answered with a slight apology for his conduct, which, however, was so haughtily expressed, that a prelate, who had introduced him, thought it necessary to observe — "One must needs make allowance for such men, who are ignorant of every thing except their art."

Wise, and generous too, was the pope's indignant reply to this speech. He turned to the prelate: "Foolish man, it is thou who hast vilified Michael-Angelo; I have not. He is a man of genius, and thou an ignorant fellow.

Depart from my sight this moment." And the contemner of art was forcibly driven from the room.

Michael Angelo's first commission after this was a statue of Pope Julius. It was the work of sixteen months, and worthy of Michael's genius. But its fame was short: in a popular riot this statue was thrown down, dragged through the streets, and broken to pieces, in contempt of the pontiff whom it represented. The head alone was preserved by the Duke of Ferrara. After Michael had completed this statue, he returned to Rome, and again set to work on the mausoleum. But Julius had changed his mind, and determined to build the Sistine Chapel, to the memory of his uncle, Sixtus VI. This chapel Michael was to adorn with fresco paintings. His first attempt showed how universal were his powers of mind. He began to paint the ceiling; but the only scaffolding which the architect Bramante could contrive was suspended by ropes passed through holes in the roof. Michael-Angelo asked how he was to paint a ceiling thus pierced with holes. Bramante could arrange no other plan; and Buonarotti invented some machinery so complete, that the carpenter who made it under his direction realized a large fortune, through Michael's generosity in allowing him to profit by the invention. — *New Church Magazine*.

(To be continued.)

THE BIRTHDAY.

WITH joy-beaming faces, the brothers and sisters stood around little George. The morning of his birthday had dawned, and before him upon the table lay presents and flowers; and he was walking from one to another, followed by his brothers and sisters.

But the mother, after she had contemplated for a long time the joyful faces of the children, called them to their morning prayer. They seated themselves around her, from the oldest to the youngest, and prayed with devout hearts.

Then the mother took the Bible; and, after she had read several beautiful sentences, she called George to select one, that he might write over his bed on his birthday, and have it daily before his eyes. And George chose the passage, "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence. If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

Then the mother blessed her children, and the older ones went to their labors; but George went into his little chamber to write his sentence over his bed. After this was done, he skipped with a light heart into the garden. It was early in the year, and the gardener was putting the seeds into the furrows; here and there had come up a daisy or a yellow crocus. George watched the gar-

dener for some minutes, and then ran to his own little plot; for each of the children had a bed, and raised flowers, cresses and head salad, each one according to his taste. But, when he was come there, he noticed upon the garden-bench, near by, a tub with different kinds of seeds: amongst them a brown pod met his eye. He looked at it more attentively, and sprang forward with joy; for they were the seeds of the sweet pea, which he had wanted a long time, because it was his favorite flower.

He stood still and looked at it, and into his heart came evil thoughts. "Who knows to whom this tub belongs," thought he, "and who will notice, if I take out a few little seeds?" With this thought he broke the pod. But when the peas fell into his hand, and he saw how prettily they were formed, and how carefully they were enclosed in the pod, he was reminded of the love of God, which had formed them also; and suddenly the sentence came into his mind, and he was so troubled, that he pushed the pod far from him. He thought of his birthday, and how much joy was prepared for him; and, notwithstanding, he could stretch out his hand to take what did not belong to him. Then a deep sorrow came over him, and he concealed his face in the turf; but still the sentence which he had chosen stood before him.

Whilst he lay there, his mother came along, and was not a little surprised to find George in this place. But he could not look at her, and his eye wandered shyly and anxiously around. At length, his heart became too heavy; and he said, "Mother, I have sinned on my birthday!" He wept, and confessed all.

Silently had the mother listened to his confession.

When it was ended, she said earnestly: "Think how it would have been, if you had followed your wishes, and concealed from me your guilt. The little seeds would have sprouted, and every day you would be expecting the flowers to betray your guilt. Neither their blossoms nor their perfume could have given you joy; and, at length, you would have pulled up the plant from your bed, and thrown it far away over the hedge."

"Yes, mother, so it would have been," sobbed George. "Never more will I take what does not belong to me; for to have done wrong is a very bad feeling." Saying these words, he seized his mother's hand, and entreated her to forgive him. She drew him near to her upon the garden bench, and spoke many pious and loving words; then she took the pod, and gave it to George, that he might raise from it a flower, as a remembrance of this hour.

Full of joy went the boy now to his work. He placed the little seeds carefully in the earth, and marked the place with a cross. When he had finished, and had returned with a bright face to his mother, she took him affectionately by the hand, and said: "You have placed a little seed in the earth, that it may spring up and give you joy. Just so has the dear God done to-day with your heart. The sentence which you have chosen is the little seed. It has fallen upon a fruitful soil; for it brought forth, even to-day, a blessing. Let it take deeper and firmer root, my son. To him who fears and loves God must all things be for the best; for the true God is a shield, and guards us in the hour of temptation. Never forget that the eye of the Lord is upon you, and sees each of your thoughts. You will then carefully

guard yourself from grieving him, and thus out of the short sentence which you in simplicity have chosen will an infinite blessing grow for you; and we shall have our joy in you, as you will have yours in the flower which shall spring from the little seed.

George looked up to his mother with glistening eyes, whilst she spoke these words. His heart was very happy, but he could not describe it. Quietly he went with his mother, back into the house, looking joyfully into the clear morning heaven, and upon the flowers by the path. Everywhere, it seemed to him as if a loving eye looked upon him; and, as he came into his chamber, he threw his arms around his mother, and cried, "O mother! I cannot tell what makes me so happy! but this I know, that I now can wipe the sentence from the wall, for God has written it for ever in my heart."

E. J. D.

"I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME, AND THOSE THAT
SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."

PROV. viii. 17.

PERHAPS, if our little readers never had seen this verse before, the "Wide, Wide World" has made them familiar with it. It was the verse which Mrs. Montgomery wrote in Ellen's precious little Bible.

"I love them that love me." Think, children, what a blessed assurance. God, who has a father's love and care over all his works, will especially love those who love Him. How can children love God? They can

think much about Him; they can remember that every thing they enjoy, the small things as well as the great, come from Him. They can call to mind that not only to them does He give blessings, but to every living thing on the face of the earth, so that the fall of a sparrow is noticed by him.

We *cannot* love God if we do not think about Him. We do not love those about whom we never think. Children must try, then, to have God often in their thoughts. In every blessing, in every sorrow, they must try to think of Him. Think of Him when you are sitting with parents, brothers, and sisters, in your pleasant evening talks. Think of Him when you take up your books to read or to study. Think of Him when you walk or ride out, and see the countless beauties of nature; think of Him when your ears are filled with sweet harmonies; think of Him when his "gentle touch" calls you from sleep, and when you lie down on your pillow at night.

And think of Him, too, if you are sad. If unkind words have troubled you, if unjust suspicions, or if you miss some merry voice from among your companions, and cannot help the starting tears, even though you know that voice is joining the songs of the angels, think of God, let thoughts of Him comfort you.

Pray to God. We know that the more we talk with our dear earthly friends, the more we love them. Let children, then, accustom themselves to communion with God. Let them ask his aid when they are in trouble, and thank him for his blessings when they are happy.

"Those that seek me early shall find me." And here is a still more gracious promise, a promise *especially* for the young. "Those that seek me *early*." Do not

think then, children, that there will be time enough to seek God and to think about Him by-and-by, when you grow older. The little child's nature is purest, and as we grow older we lose, little by little, our purity; and the longer we delay seeking God, the harder will it be to find him; for the more and more will our sins have made the path of right, obscure and tangled. Children must seek Him, then, if they would find Him. They must obey his commandments. They must live in love with all their friends and playmates, they must be obedient and gentle, because God has said, that these things were pleasing in his sight. And the child who does this *will* certainly find Him. You know that little Ellen Montgomery found Him. You know how patiently his love made her bear all her sorrows; and I dare say a great many of you know some child, whose daily life shows that she has found God.

God was always with our blessed Saviour; and, in communing with Him, he was strengthened for the work he had to do on earth. He retired apart into deserts and mountain-tops to pray, and from his earliest childhood was about his "Father's business."

"Seek him early," dear children. Then you will be prepared for whatever event his Providence may ordain. Then whether God has future service for you on earth, or desires your presence in the courts of heaven, you will be equally prepared, equally resigned.

ED.

CROMWELL AND THE DUKE OF SAVOY.

NEARLY two hundred years ago, when the reformers found little or no toleration without fighting for it, and when all religious feeling in Europe was rather fierce, there was a little company of Protestants who dwelt together in the valleys of Piedmont. They were probably descendants of the old Waldenses, and certainly very pious, quiet, inoffensive people. Their homes were within the territory of the Duke of Savoy, who determined to convert them to the Roman Catholic Church. With this aim, he sent preaching friars among them; but the friars did not succeed. Their religious doctrines and methods of proselytism seemed nowise attractive to that Piedmontese community. But the duke persisted vehemently, and immediately sent, instead of the friars, six regiments of soldiers, with orders that the poor peasants must be instantly converted or driven from the country. Now, they felt it quite impossible to be converted according to the duke's orders, and very dreadful to be driven from their homes by a ferocious soldiery. It was mid-winter. Their homes were among the snows of the Alps. Removal seemed little less than destruction. Yet the soldiers were relentless, and perpetrated a great many horrible atrocities. After many sufferings fearful to think of, those of the people who remained alive found refuge in French Dauphiny.

It was on the third day of the following June that the story of this persecution was told to Oliver Cromwell, then Lord Protector of England. It is said, that, as he

listened to the story, he was melted into tears. He was about to sign an important treaty with France. Now he refuses to sign it, unless the French Government will interfere with the Duke of Savoy, and compel him to put right in place of the wrong he has done. He sends them two thousand pounds from his own purse, invites collections for them all over England, and stands stoutly to his purpose, until his point is carried, and the converting duke made to feel that the Lord Protector of England can protect his poor brethren in Piedmont. — *Youth's Cabinet.*

THE SILVER THIMBLE.

DECEMBER had already set in, and the old year was fast drawing to a close. Hoarse winds were already chanting its requiem, as they swept with violence over the distant hills, and bowed the heads of the gigantic trees which autumn had left bare and leafless.

Little Herbert Churchill was looking forward with glad anticipation to the approaching holidays; for he was blessed with kind parents, and this merry season always came to him laden with good gifts. St. Nicholas, as he went on his round, was sure to pause a moment, to deposit in Herbert's stocking a portion of the annual offerings which have made his visits always so welcome.

But, while speculating upon the presents which he was about to receive, the thought came into the mind of little Herbert, "Why cannot I, too, give a present to mother."

Then he began to think over the list of articles which he could call his own, — hoops, tops, marbles, and, last but not least, the new sled, which he considered the most precious of all; but he well knew that none of these would be suitable to present to his mother. Besides, all these had been given to him, and he wished to present something which was entirely his own.

"If I could only earn some money," he at length thought, "I could buy whatever I liked, and then the present would be all my own."

The more he thought of this plan, the more he was pleased with it; and, as the next Saturday afternoon was a half-holiday, he determined to wait and put it in practice then.

On Friday night the snow fell abundantly, and blocked up the streets and sidewalks of the city where Herbert lived. When he went out in the afternoon, he found the clerks and boys employed in the stores, busily occupied in shovelling off the snow into the street; for, if this is not done, the city-government imposes a fine.

Herbert paused in front of a small store, the occupant of which, having no one to send out, was obliged to do this duty for himself.

"I wish," said he in Herbert's hearing, "that I could hire somebody to clear my sidewalk."

"Here is my chance," thought Herbert, and he stepped forward and proffered his services.

"You!" said the man hesitatingly: "why, you are hardly large enough. However, you may try it; and, when you have done, if you will come into the store I will pay you."

Herbert took the snow-shovel, and went to work man-

fully. He found it pretty hard work, for the snow was deep; but he persevered, and, at the end of an hour and a half, had quite completed his task.

He went into the store to receive his pay, and his employer went to the door to see how well the work was done, and seemed very well satisfied.

"You have done very well," said he. "How much do you expect for it?"

"I don't know," said Herbert, "I will take whatever you think it is worth."

"Very well," was the reply, "here is a quarter of a dollar; and, if you will carry a bundle for me up to the railroad station, I will give you as much more."

Herbert gladly agreed to this proposal, and was soon on his way. The bundle was not a heavy one, and he found this service a much easier one than the last.

As he was returning, a heavy wind took off the hat of a gentleman who was walking in front of him, and blew it a considerable distance over deep snow-drifts, and was about to carry it beneath the wheels of a passing carriage, when Herbert sprang forward and caught it.

"Thank you, my little fellow," was the gentleman's reply, as Herbert returned it to him. "Stop a moment."

He put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a quarter of a dollar.

"I am sure you will make a good use of it," said he, smiling, and leaving Herbert quite elated by his good fortune.

"Now I have seventy-five cents," considered Herbert. "I think that will be enough. But what shall I buy?"

It was some time before he could decide this point;

but he at length recollected hearing his mother say, a few days before, that she must soon get a new thimble.

Acting on this suggestion, he returned home, and, finding his mother's work-basket, got her old thimble to serve as a guide in respect to size. He next proceeded to a jeweller's store, and, presenting it, inquired for a thimble of the same size.

"Is it for yourself, my boy?" asked the clerk, smiling, while he took down from the shelves a box of thimbles.

"No, sir," said Herbert, "it is for my mother."

"And does she trust you to make her purchases?"

"She doesn't know any thing about it, sir," was the reply. "It is a present."

"Ah! that is it. Well, here are two kinds. The price of one is sixty-two cents; but the other contains more silver, and comes to seventy-five. Which will you take?"

"The best," said Herbert, congratulating himself that it came within his means.

He returned home, and restored the old thimble to his mother's work-basket unnoticed. The other he locked up in a little drawer devoted exclusively to his use.

New Year's morning arrived, cold, clear, and frosty. The sleighs were dashing merrily through the streets, and the jingling of the bells sounded a merry peal through the air. Herbert was up betimes. He enclosed the thimble in a piece of white paper, on which he wrote simply, "To mother, from Herbert," and placed it under her plate on the breakfast-table. You can imagine the surprise of Herbert's mother when she discovered it, and

her still greater pleasure when she learned how it was obtained.

Herbert felt amply repaid for his exertions by his mother's approval, and none of the gifts which he himself received gave him half so much pleasure as the silver thimble which he had presented to his mother.

A.

[Notwithstanding Herbert's generosity in earning a New Year's gift for his mother, he suffers a little in our good opinion by receiving the money for restoring the gentleman's hat. The happiness of being able to do a kindness for another is a sufficient reward for the exertions of a truly noble-spirited child; and we hope our young friends, while they imitate his kindness and perseverance, will excel him in never receiving any recompense for a kind action, except that which our Heavenly Father has made inseparable from it, — the approval of conscience. — Ed.]

TROUBLESOME CHILDREN.

Do not look at this title, dear children, and fancy it is meant for your mothers to read. It is meant for you. Some of you who read this are, I know, troublesome children. You are troublesome in various ways. A great many of you are continually teasing your parents and friends, "May I do this?" or "May I do that?" or, as I have often heard children do, calling, "Mother! mother! mother!" till even *her* ear is weary of the sound of your voices.

Some troublesome girls and boys always interrupt older persons when they are talking. They ask ques-

tions or make remarks, so that their elders cannot hear what is said. This is very rude and very annoying.

Other troublesome ones are always complaining: "It is so hot, I am almost melted," or else, "Oh, dear! how my feet ache with the cold!" or "I've cut my finger; and how it aches!" and thousands of other complaints. Think a minute, little grumblers. If you live to grow up, you will have, probably, very severe pain to bear. You will, very likely, be obliged to endure more burning heat and sharper cold. If you complain *now*, what will become of you then? You need not say that you will be older then, and better able to bear these things. You will not be better able, unless you accustom yourselves to patience now.

A troublesome child may be amiable, generous, and obedient, and yet have very few friends, because her disagreeable ways will make her appear unlovely. Last summer, as we were riding in the cars through the beautiful Berkshire hills of Western Massachusetts, we saw a very happy-looking little girl, sitting all alone by herself, with a book and a large doll. We called her, and began to talk with her. She told us, that she, with her father and sister, had been to visit their grandparents, and were now on their return home. Her father seemed to fear she would trouble us, and called her back to her place. We soon, however, made his acquaintance, and that of the younger child, and had occasion to remark upon their quiet, pleasant, agreeable manners. It was noon when we crossed the boundary-line into the State of New York; and the ride from that point to Albany was very warm, dusty, and uncomfortable; but our little friends did not complain, though their

faces, flushed and covered with cinders, showed that they were as uncomfortable as we were.

Through the whole day we were their companions, and could not sufficiently admire the thoughtfulness of the elder sister, who, at every change of cars, looked back to see that nothing was left, and questioned her father about various articles of their baggage. In the afternoon, we began to tell them stories, and great was their delight; but, when the noise of the cars was too loud for us to speak with ease, they did not tease, as some children would have done, but waited till we came to a stopping-place. We were very sorry to leave the dear little girls, at nightfall, at one of the great inland towns in the heart of New York; and, if the "Child's Friend" ever reaches them, Alice and Carrie L—— may be assured, we often speak of that day's journey with the greatest pleasure.

Now, what made these little girls so attractive? It was their kindly, cheerful, gentle spirits, and their freedom from all annoying, fretful, disagreeable ways. A long day's ride in the cars is a pretty good test of a child's disposition; and we fear all our little readers would not prove as agreeable companions as Alice and Carrie. But try, dear boys and girls. Don't be troublesome, and, in nine cases out of ten, you will be agreeable.

ED.

"THE LORD IS THY SHADE UPON THY RIGHT
HAND." — PSALM CXXI.

AROUND us always is God's love,
The blessed shade from heaven,
In stillest influence from above,
In strength, from morn till even.

In deserts, o'er the mountain's way,
In hidden valleys drear,
Where'er our trembling footsteps stray,
In unknown paths, or near ;

In summer's heat or winter's blast,
In sorrow and in tears,
There is a blessed shadow cast,
Which hides us from all fears.

The Lord our shade, when life is bright,
When gladness leads us on,
Lest, dazzled by the earthly light,
We think our *heaven* won.

The Lord our shade, lest in the night
Of grief we lose our trust ;
The Lord our shade, whose blessed might
Shall raise us from the dust.

O Lord our God ! still at our side
Thy blessed shade be cast ;
Still let us in its depths abide,
Till death itself is past.

TURKEY AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE large, but ill-assorted and rapidly decaying, empire of Turkey, once so strong and flourishing, lies partly in Europe, and partly in Asia. The Turks, properly speaking, are Asiatic in their character and manners, so that we shall be justified in considering the whole as belonging to the Asiatic world.* It covers a large and interesting portion of the globe, particularly in what was anciently called Asia Minor, once the seat of arts, arms, and dominion, but now illustrious chiefly for its magnificent and mournful ruins. The population amounts to somewhere about 15 or 17 millions, though some put it as high as 20 millions, considerably diversified in race and character, though consisting mainly of Turks, who are of Scythian origin, much modified, however, by intermarriages with other nations. The wealthier inhabitants have been accustomed to supply their harems with beautiful women from Circassia, Georgia, and the adjacent countries; a circumstance which has greatly softened the harsh features of the native Osmanlees.

Constantinople is the capital of the country, and one of the most striking cities in the world. Its approach is through the Hellespont, or Dardanelles (so called from the forts which guard its entrance), about thirty-three miles long, and from a mile to a mile and a half in breadth, one of the most important straits in the world, as it conducts through the Sea of Marmora and the Bosphorus, to the Black Sea, and thence to the entire Oriental world. The Sea of Marmora is a large body of water, 180 miles in length, and 60 miles in breadth, from the

northern shore of which we enter the Bosphorus, a beautiful strait, resembling, it is said, the Hudson River at West Point, about a third of a mile wide, and fifteen miles long, but highly cultivated, and covered with palaces through its entire length. On a bend of the strait, and crowning the summits of several hills, rises the fair city, with its mosques and minarets flashing in the clear light of an Oriental sky, and so disposed as to produce a superb* panoramic effect. Indeed, the Bosphorus, with its dark blue waves, runs up apparently to the very heart of the city, and incloses it on the north, by means of a branch called the Golden Horn, which forms one of the finest harbors in the world. Dark-green masses of cypress rise from every part of the shore, and from the grave-yards beyond the city walls, near the tombs of the dead, for every tomb must have a cypress, relieving agreeably the fairy-like brilliancy of the scene. The water is covered with caiques, which, with the gorgeous appearance of the Oriental architecture on either shore, the extensive gardens and the transparent depth of the cloudless atmosphere, gives to the whole an air of peculiar grace and splendor. We feel for the moment as if we were approaching a world of enchantment, though instantly roused from our dream by a sudden plunge of a corpse, sewed in a bag, thrown suddenly from one of the caiques just passing us. Perhaps the poor wretch died of the plague, or by the hand of imperial violence; for such a mode of dispatching an official or a favorite is by no means unfrequent in Stamboul. Mysterious Bosphorus! what magnificence and crime, what glory and shame, hast thou borne upon thy bosom, or hidden in thy depths! "Venice," says

the author of Eothen, "strains out from the steadfast land, and in old times would send forth the chief of the state to woo and wed the reluctant sea; but the stormy bridge of the Doge is the bowing slave of the Sultan — she comes to his feet with the treasures of the world — she bears him from palace to palace — by some unfailing witchcraft she entices the breezes to follow her, to blow constantly in one direction, and fan the pale cheek of her lord — she lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden — she watches the walls of his serail — she stifles the intrigues of his ministers — she quiets the scandals of his courts — she extinguishes his rivals, and hushes his naughty wives all one by one — so vast are the wonders of the deep." Yes, wonders and horrors; for it is no joke to the myriads who have found a grave in these mysterious depths.

The charm of Constantinople, from the sea, is dissipated by a more intimate acquaintance. It has splendor enough, but combined with meanness and filth; and, ten to one, you will find the plague prevailing in its very centre. The palaces and tombs of the Sultan are magnificent, but the interior of the former is sedulously guarded. The seraglio of the Sultan is a vast inclosure, close on the deep waves of the Bosphorus. Here, in luxurious ease, the delicate descendant of illustrious sires spends his hours of leisure, which are nearly all the hours he has.

This city has always been considered one of great importance, because it is the only stronghold of the Asiatics in Europe, or of any other religion than Christianity, and especially because of its remarkable position,

commanding the entrance to the Black Sea, and serving as a check upon the tremendous power of Russia.

This keeps up what the Europeans call a *balance of power*. This is why the Western nations of Europe take such an interest in the affairs of Turkey, and are determined to defend her; not from any love for the Turks, but merely to promote their own selfish interest. The Sultan, however, will not be imposed on in this way; and in the dreadful war between these two great powers, every nation of Europe must act its part. The Russians believe that God has raised up that nation for the destruction of all Mohammedan dominions! in other words, that it is the mission of Russia to avenge the insults which Christianity so long endured from Saracen, Moor, Tartar, and Turk. This belief pervades the bosom of every man in Russia, especially the priests and serfs.—*Schoolmate.*

MORAL COURAGE.

(Concluded from page 43.)

RACHEL hastily pushed back her chair from the table, and ran out of the room to hide her tears. Neither George nor herself had ever imagined that their punishment would be so severe. And must she really be parted from him a whole year? Should she not see him *once*? And then came the hardest thought of all, — the reflection that by her own sin she had brought this terrible trouble — for terrible it seemed to her — on herself and her brother.

Children are always more ready to try to remedy an evil, than to lament it. "I will beg father not to punish George this once," she resolved. "I will tell him he may punish me in any way he likes, if he only will not send George away." Then the remembrance of her father's face of stern resolution and her mother's heavy eyes flashed upon her, and she knew her entreaties would be useless.

She rested her head on her little table, and burst into another hopeless fit of crying, from which she was roused by hearing the clock strike the half-hour. She rose hastily, and began to bathe her swollen eyelids, and prepare for school. The door of her chamber was partly open, and George passed by. He came in, trying to put on a composed countenance. "I wish I had never known Helen," he cried; and then, seeing his sister's tears flow, he dashed his own away with the back of his hand, and rushed down stairs and into the street.

Our young readers will readily believe that Rachel resisted all temptation to play during this forenoon. Indeed, she looked so pale and sorrowful, that Maria Moreton, having once made signs to know what troubled her, and perceiving that the question only made her more sad, forebore to annoy her, and studied her own lessons in quietness, leaving Rachel to do the same.

"Are you ill, my love?" asked Mrs. Gray, in recess, as she passed by Rachel's desk, and saw her sitting with her head bent forward on her desk. Rachel's face was so full of distress, when she raised it to answer her teacher, that Mrs. Gray was touched; and when Rachel said that she was not sick, she took her by the hand, and said kindly, "Your eyes tell me that you have the head-

ache, and you shall come into the recitation-room, where you cannot hear this noise." Mrs. Gray made her sit by the open window, and told her the fresh air would do her good; but her kind words opened the scarcely closed fountain of tears.

"Can you tell me what troubles you, dear? Your weeping is generally like an April shower, but to-day it is like the autumn rains."

"George is to go away from home to stay a year," sobbed Rachel. "Mrs. Crane was very angry about the caricature, and she sent mother a note, and then father and mother blamed us both very much, and George is to be sent to our uncle for a punishment for both of us."

"My poor little Rachel! I pity you very much. You are suffering some of the unhappy consequences of sin. You see now, that one cannot yield to the smallest temptation without bringing himself, and often others, into sorrow and trouble." "I know it, ma'am. I knew it all, before I showed the picture to Maria; but how shall I help doing what is wrong? I am sure I try hard. Even then, I tried to think about my lesson; but then I fancied how amused she would be, and at last I showed it to her."

"You *try*, Rachel, but do you ever ask God to help you to resist temptation? When you repeat the Lord's prayer, do you really feel what you are uttering when you say, "Lead us not into temptation"?"

"But the prayer does not mean such little things as that, does it?"

"Just such little things, my dear. There is the mistake thousands of persons make. They think the Bible, and prayer, and thoughts of God, are to help them in

great trials, and never think to call upon their Father in their daily cares and perplexities. God, my child, is as truly ready to help you resist a temptation to disobey the rules of the school by laughing, as he would be to comfort you under some great trouble. Great troubles do not come every day; but little ones do, and we are to seek our Father's aid daily and hourly. If you had been in the habit of driving away temptation by thinking of him, you would have put it away in this case. It is not enough, Rachel, for you to pray morning and night. You must "pray without ceasing." When temptations come, it is the time for prayer; and they come constantly, so that the shield of prayer must be always in use to drive them away.

"Don't shake your head, my child. It *can* be done, it *must* be done, if we would not fill our life, here and hereafter, with regrets. The habit of thinking of God, when temptation comes, *can* be formed. *You* can form it with God's help. You see now, too, how weak you are, of your own self. You could not resist the pleasure of making Maria laugh; and all the more, because we are weak, we ought to call upon Him who is a Rock of strength. Shall we not ask Him, together, to give you that strength?" And Mrs. Gray, kneeling, drew the weeping girl to her side, and in a few simple and touching words, asked the Father to strengthen his feeble and erring child.

The prayer sunk into Rachel's heart. It seemed to her that God had granted instantly that petition. She felt able to do her duty; and though she still was sorrowful, when she thought of George, yet her countenance did not wear the look of utter dejection which had settled on it before.

When Mr. Furness came home to dinner, he said that George must be ready to go in a week. He preferred that he should not take the journey of two hundred and fifty miles alone; and a gentleman, one of his brother's parish, was going to Pine Village in just a week. The time for preparation was short, and many a tear did Rachel let fall on the shirt-sleeves which she made for George. The night before his departure, his mother called him into her room, as he went to bed, and talked to him long and seriously. When he came out, and passed his sister's room, he opened the door. She was in bed.

"Are you asleep, sister?" he asked.

"No," she whispered softly.

He placed the lamp on the entry floor, and came in, and sat by her side. "I won't stay more than a year, Rachel," he said cheerfully; "for I mean to conquer all my bad habits, and especially my love of playing tricks, and then I shall come back, and we shall be happier than if I had never been away."

Rachel sighed. "And you really forgive me, brother, for showing that picture? I never shall forgive myself."

"Don't think any thing more about it. It was my fault at first, and I have had good cause to repent it; but I won't do so again."

Something in George's confident tone jarred against Rachel's newly acquired knowledge of her own weakness, and she said timidly, "George, there is one thing—I did not think of it myself—Mrs. Gray talked to me about it—if you would remember, that we cannot do any thing ourselves, and that God only can help us to do right, and that He will help us if we ask Him. Mrs.

Gray told me it was in the little things that happened every day that we needed his help the most, and that he would aid us in them just as much as in great ones."

Not all George's mother had said to him, and she had talked to him as only a good mother can, affected him so much as the words of his little sister. He was prepared for his mother's conversation: she had often and often conversed with him before. But he was entirely unprepared for the trembling tone of love and confidence, struggling with natural timidity, that came from his sister's lips.

He bent over the pillow and kissed her, and she felt his tears on her cheek. "You are a dear little soul," he said, "and I will remember to ask God to help me. You must ask him, too, to help me, and you must take all the pleasure you can without me. It is one pleasant thing that I am going in the spring, when every thing in the country looks so charmingly. And I'll write you good, long letters, and you must write some to me. I'm not a bit afraid you'll forget me. Good night." And, with a choking kind of laugh, George shut the door.

We shall not say any thing to you of the leave-taking. You all know how sorrowful it is, and you may imagine George's. Rachel missed him very much. It was many weeks before she could take her place at the table, and keep back the tears as she looked at the place where he should have been. Her mother would have checked her grief, had she not felt that her tears were partly those of repentance, and she feared to meddle with the effect that these might have.

At school Rachel was happier than elsewhere, though the sight of Helen Crane always reminded her of her

brother. But she had begun to act and study from right motives, and that always makes a person happy. Helen never spoke to her, but Rachel took no notice of her behaviour. Maria Moreton, under the influence of Rachel's good example, soon became as quiet and studious as her companion. In six weeks from the time that George went away, Rachel took the long-desired seat beside Sophy King. She had learned, by a hard lesson, to exercise moral courage; and she soon became as noted for well-doing as her friend Sophy; and it was very often said in school, "Oh! if Rachel Furness thinks it is wrong, we won't do this."

George became very much attached to the country and to his uncle. He grew manly and independent, and at the same time more gentle and forbearing than he had ever been; and here we must leave this brother and sister, happy if the relation of their troubles has taught any of our little readers the necessity of *moral courage*.

ED.

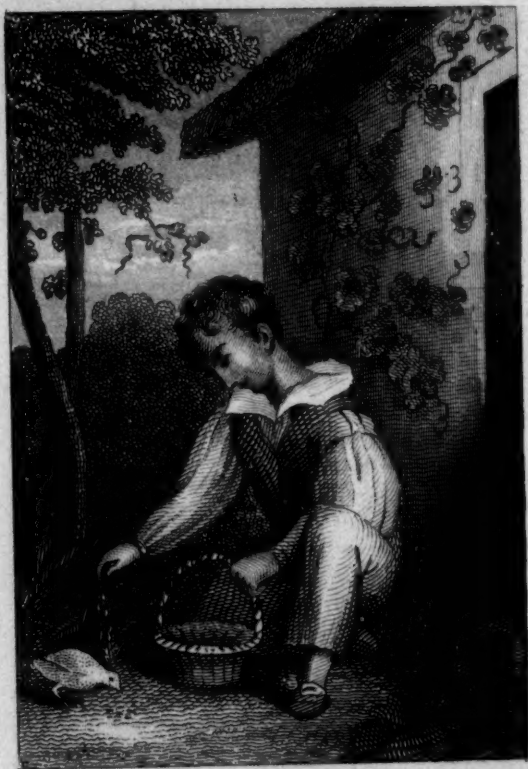
ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

WE are sorry to receive no answers to the various puzzles, charades, &c., that we publish from time to time. We think our readers may have become tired of them; so we shall refrain awhile from publishing them. The answers to those in the November number are, "The Celestial Empire," and "The Rising Generation;" to the names of towns, "Benton, Brandon, Manchester." The magician in Titania's ingenious enigma, in the December number, is the *pen*. The four brothers are the letters A, B, S, T, which form the words — *rats, arts, tars, star*.

The solution of the "Attempt to make Something out of Nothing," in the January number, is as follows:—

"You sigh for a cypher, but I sigh for you;
O sigh for no cypher, but O sigh for me;
O let not my sigh for a cypher go,
But give sigh for sigh, for I sigh for you so."

Answers to the anagrams — "Socrates," and "Isaac Newton."



THE PET CHICKEN.

THE PET CHICKEN.

HIS COMPLAINT.

AH! once I was a happy chick,
 Beneath my mother's wing;
 But now I flutter all alone,
 A melancholy thing.

How snugly wrapt I slept at night
 Among her feathers warm!
 I shiver now in cotton down,
 And dread the pelting storm.

I once had many brothers too,
 White, speckled, brown, and gray;
 And I was glad to chirp and hop,
 As frolicsome as they.

But now I never hear them chirp,
 Or see them try to fly;
 And e'en perhaps they have forgot
 There's such a bird as I.

Ah! Master Charles, I know that you
 Are very kind and good;
 You place me gently in your hand,
 And ne'er forget my food:

Then take me to the narrow coop,
 And to my mother hen;
 And never, never try to keep
 A lonely chick again.

ED.

ANECDOTES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

MICHAEL-ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

(Concluded from p. 83.)

THREE months after the completion of the Sistine Chapel, Pope Julius died. Leo X., who succeeded him, was by no means a warm friend to Michael-Angelo. But his fame was now too well established to suffer from this lack of favor. He was now growing old; but his energy and talents were unwearied. Beside that of the Sistine, another chapel was erected, called the Paoline. For this he painted two pictures,—the “Conversion of St. Paul,” and the “Crucifixion of St. Peter.” At the age of seventy-two, he was nominated architect of St. Peter’s. This magnificent building, the grandest temple in Christendom, was the design and erection of Michael-Angelo. It was the work of many years and many struggles. The artist had to contend with the poverty and illiberality of his patrons; and once they endeavored to displace him. He had, in their opinions, not given light enough to the church in one portion of it.

“Three more windows will be placed there!” said Michael-Angelo.

“You never told us of that before?” replied a cardinal.

“Nor will I be accountable to you for declaring all that I do, or intend to do,” cried the high-spirited painter. “It is yours to provide money, and keep off thieves: to build St. Peter’s is mine!”

This independent speech won the favor of the then pope, Julius III. From this time he placed unlimited confidence and regard in the artist, often saying that should Michael-Angelo die before himself, his body should be embalmed, and kept in the palace, that his mortal form should endure as long as his works. But Julius died in 1555; and his successor, Paul IV., insulted the painter by wishing to *reform* the "Last Judgment" in the Sistine. Michael sent this message in answer: "If his holiness will undertake to reform mankind, I will engage that my picture shall reform itself."

This pope plunged Rome into war and bloodshed. Michael-Angelo, then eighty-two years of age, took refuge in a monastery until these perilous times were over. It was with regret that he left this quiet abode to enter again on the turmoil of the world. He lived until the age of eighty-nine, and then died peaceably and calmly, uttering his last will in these words:—"My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, my worldly goods to my next of kin."

Michael-Angelo's countenance was like his mind,—full of noble grandeur. Straight Greek features, a high and rather projecting forehead, with clustering hair and beard, give his portrait a character of sublimity which is like his works. These works were the grandest in conception and execution that mortal man could do,—not beautiful, but sublime. It is often a reproach to a great man that his life is far inferior to his works; but Michael-Angelo was in every way a noble and good man, not winning, but austere in his virtue and simplicity of character at an age when the contrary was most in

fashion. He was never married, and used to say that his works were his children, who must bear his name to posterity. He lived in study and seclusion, never ceasing to seek after knowledge throughout his long life. In his old age, he was found one day by Cardinal Sarnite walking alone in the ruins of the Coliseum. The cardinal expressed surprise. "I go yet to school," said Michael, "that I may continue to learn."

This great artist's soul was full of high principle; he scorned every thing mean and dishonorable. His disposition was generous, and many a kindness did he show to inferior artists, and others who needed it. Sometimes his gifts were munificent. To his old servant Urbino he gave two thousand crowns, a donation in those days considered worthy of a monarch. This man died when Michael was eighty-two, and his aged master remained with him day and night in his last illness, and afterwards wrote this of him: "Urbino's death has been a heavy loss to me, yet also an impressive lesson of the grace of God; for it has shown me that he who in his lifetime comforted me in the enjoyment of life, dying, has taught me how to die, not with reluctance, but even with a desire for death."

His poems were numerous, and all breathe the spirit of purest Christianity. The sternness of his character won little affection from his contemporaries, yet none ever breathed a word against him. The fame of Michael-Angelo's works will live for ever, and with that his memory as a truly great and virtuous man. — *New Church Magazine.*

"I FORGOT IT."

ELLEN LAYTON was an amiable, intelligent girl of fifteen, the eldest of several children. Modest and unaffected in her manners, active and industrious in her habits, gentle and obliging in her disposition, one would have supposed that she would be a general favorite among her relatives and schoolmates. And so she was with her young companions; but her older and wiser friends saw that Ellen was not faultless, and that one habit in particular was spreading its evil influence over her character, and threatening to overshadow her many virtues. And what could this fault be, so dangerous in its tendencies? A dozen times a day or more, she might have been heard to say, in answer to a question or reproof, "Oh, I forgot it!" and as if that were excuse enough, she then allowed the subject to pass from her mind. "And is that all?" asks some young girl. "That is a trifle, hardly to be called a fault." So Ellen thought, and consequently she made no great exertions to correct it; although she often found cause to regret her forgetfulness.

"Ellen, when is the examination?" asked her sister Edith, one morning.

"Next week," she answered; "and though Mr. Sheldon will not say who he thinks will have the prizes, he has dropped some hints. Agnes May will have the first, I am sure; and I do hope I shall have the second. I have tried enough."

"I hope you will get them, you and Agnes; and

next year I guess I shall be in Mr. Sheldon's department, don't you?"

"May be, Edy; you'll be eleven by that time. Come, haven't you all your books?"

Edith hastily tied her bonnet, and the sisters set off for school. Agnes May met them just before they reached the school-house. "O Nelly! is your composition ready?" she asked eagerly.

Ellen paused at once, in blank dismay. "There! yes, it is ready; and I forgot to bring it; it is in my desk. What time is it, Agnes? you have your watch."

Agnes, a pretty, graceful girl of sixteen, drew out her watch and looked. "You will not have time to go back, Ellen."

"Oh! but I must. Mr. Sheldon will be so vexed. You know I was not ready last time, and he said ——" Ellen blushed at the remembrance of the reproof she had received, and left the sentence unfinished.

"No, Nelly, I will go," said Edith; "I can run faster than you." And before Ellen could utter a word of objection, she was bounding off down the street. Breathless and heated, she came back with the paper in her hand, and reached the school-house just after the bell had rung. "There, — now I'm late," she said, half aloud; "but never mind. O Mary!" as a class-mate of her sister's came into the entry, "please give this to Ellen. I can't stay to go into Mr. Sheldon's room."

The paper was handed to Ellen in due time, and her teacher knew nothing of her narrow escape from censure; but her conscience was uneasy, for she feared the affectionate little Edith must have been made tardy. Edith,

however, had escaped also; for a visitor on business of importance had detained her teacher a few minutes, and she had reached her seat in time.

"And so it was no matter, after all," said Ellen to Agnes, when she learned this result. Agnes shook her head; she did not like this careless way of disposing of the subject. But Ellen was destined to another lesson that day. Her father was slightly indisposed, and not able to go out, as usual; and he had requested Ellen to leave a letter at the post-office as she went to school. She had promised, and put the letter in her pocket, but did not think of it again, until Agnes said, on their way home, "Let us stop, and see if there are any letters."

Ellen uttered an exclamation, and hastily drew the letter, thus recalled to her memory, from her pocket. The postmaster took it carelessly, and handed the girls the letters that awaited them; and Ellen went home, hoping that nothing would be said on the subject. She was disappointed; her father's first words were, "Did you take my letter, Ellen?"

"Yes, sir." A less conscientious girl might have stopped here; but Ellen was ever truthful and open. "I did not think to put it in, till I came back, though," she added, "is it any matter?"

"Oh no!" replied her father, in the sarcastic tone she dreaded above all things. "Only it will not go till to-morrow, now; and the delay will probably cost me some hundreds of dollars."

The tears came instantly to Ellen's eyes. "I did not know, papa. I am very sorry."

"What need was there of your knowing?" he asked.

"I requested you to put the letter in the office as you went to school, and you promised. I will make Edith my messenger another time. "But, Ellen," he added, more seriously, "will you never learn to correct this dangerous habit? I shall not consider the loss as worth a thought, if it will teach you to be less forgetful in future."

Mr. Layton's forbearance touched Ellen more than any reproaches could have done, and she resolved to amend; a resolve, alas! no better kept than previous resolutions had been.

The examination-day came, and Ellen went to school elate with hope, and joyous in anticipation. Her rank in the school, her natural powers, her industry and application, certainly gave her the right to expect one, if not more, of the prizes offered; and it was with some anxiety, indeed, but with more confidence, that she awaited the result. Her recitations were faultless, her beautifully drawn map received more commendation than any of the others presented; her theme was one of those selected to be read aloud. Her heart beat high; for a whole year she had been looking forward to this day; and, as her eye met that of her mother, who was among the spectators, she received a smile of delight from her.

Mr. Sheldon rose. After a few preparatory sentences respecting his object in proposing the various prizes, he went on: "For perfect propriety of demeanor, correctness in recitations, and general attention to the rules of the school, Miss Agnes May is undoubtedly entitled to the first prize; and I have no hesitation in adding that the judgment of her fellow-pupils fully coincides with mine." A low murmur of approval was heard, for

Agnes's right had been universally acknowledged. Mr. Sheldon waited an instant, and then continued: "With regard to the second, there will probably be some diversity of opinion. Miss Ellen Layton has many claims to this; her correctness in recitations has perhaps equalled Miss May's; her deportment, in many respects, has been as correct; but — I grieve to say that her incorrigible *forgetfulness* has placed her lower on the list of merit than several of her less talented companions; and I feel compelled to adjudge this prize to Miss Margaret Brainard."

Margaret, a modest, unpretending girl, who had not once thought of winning the prize, started, blushing deeply, and could hardly command herself enough to come forward and receive from her teacher's hands the token of approbation; while Ellen, disappointed, mortified, and grieved, tried in vain to restrain her tears.

The well-meant consolations which her classmates lavished upon her after the examination was over, fell unheeded on her ear. "I wouldn't cry, Nelly," said one, "you have carried off two prizes, after all, — the pretty globe for map-drawing, and the Goldsmith's England for history and chronology. Why need you care?"

"I do care," sobbed Ellen. "I didn't care at all for any of these; they were only given for excellence in one thing. But every one knows that the two gold medals were the real prizes, and that Mr. Sheldon intended they should be; and I did so hope to get one."

"It wasn't fair," said another; "you ought to have had it."

Edith had stood by her sister's side in silence, turning

around the beautiful globe, and longing to give comfort, if she had known how. But her sense of justice would not permit her to join in this censure. "O Mary!" she said earnestly, "Mr. Sheldon said he was very sorry."

"And we cannot blame him for doing as he thought right, though we are so sorry for you," added gentle Agnes May.

"And I am sure I wish you had had it, instead of me," said Margaret Brainard. "I think you deserved it more."

Mr. Sheldon stood by his desk, looking on, with a countenance of some anxiety. The visitors had departed, and many of the pupils; those who remained, surrounding the competitors, successful and unsuccessful, and congratulating or pitying, as the case might be. By degrees, these also left the school-room; and only Ellen and the circle around her, still lingered. Mr. Sheldon hesitated a few moments, and then left the platform, and walked directly to Ellen's desk. Some of the girls moved away as he approached, and the others paused in their remarks.

"I should be very sorry," he said in his grave, calm tone, "to be suspected of wilful injustice by any of my pupils. I know it is a very difficult thing to assign prizes so that none will feel aggrieved; but, in this case, I did hope to meet with that justice from my pupils which I have striven hard to exercise, and which certainly has given me as much pain as any of you have received. Miss Margaret, I do not mean that I am sorry you are successful; I am very glad that you have had an opportunity to learn how much faithful effort can accomplish;

but I most sincerely compassionate the disappointment of your companion; although," and he laid his hand gently on Ellen's drooping head, — "although at present she may not be inclined to believe it."

"Ellen did not say one word in blame, Mr. Sheldon," said Edith, eagerly.

Ellen herself raised her head. "No, Mr. Sheldon, I never could think you unjust and unkind; but—but—"

Agnes came to her assistance; for a deep blush had overspread Ellen's face, and her eyes were cast down. "It was not so much the loss of the prize, Mr. Sheldon," she said, "though that was a great disappointment, but Ellen feels, and I feel too, that she might have been spared so severe a censure as accompanied your decision; at least in public. Pray, excuse me for saying so."

"Excuse you, Miss Agnes? I love your generous candor. I am very sorry indeed if I have been unnecessarily severe; but Miss Ellen's claims were so great, and so many had fully expected the prize to be hers, that I felt it only right to state my reason for withholding it. I hoped, too," he added, for now only Agnes and Edith remained by Ellen's side, — "I hoped that the lesson, painful as I knew it must be, would be beneficial in its result; and that my beloved pupil would rouse herself to conquer this, her besetting sin, and forgive the hand that most unwillingly inflicted the punishment."

Ellen felt her teacher's sincerity and affection; she looked up once more with streaming eyes, and said, "I will try to do better in future; I know I must have given cause for complaint."

A. A.

(To be continued.)

SPRING-TIME.

THE joyful, joyful Spring has come,
Has surely come at last ;
And we may hope old Winter's snows
Once more have fairly past.

Oh, look ! the meadows fresh and green
With golden stars are studded,
As the blue above with silver sheen ;
And the sweet May-flowers have budded.

The crimson Maple-tassels glow
In the sunshine warm and bright,
And the Willow's feathery catkins blow
And dance in silvery light.

Come ! go with me to the woods and streams
Where the Violet hides its head,
Where the pale Houstonia sweetly gleams
'Mong partridge-berries red.

Let us find the graceful Columbine,
The Blood-root pure and white,
The fragile Wind-Anemone, —
And twine a garland light ;

Meet for the graves we love so much
In the cemetery lone,
Where we laid our dear ones down to sleep,
As they left us one by one.

We know their bodies only, here
Beneath the green grass lie ;
For Christ has told us that their souls
Still live above the sky.

Oft Willie *wished* he might lie here
Beneath the spreading tree,
And that his soul might dwell with God,
'Mong angels bright and free.

We wept most sadly when we left
Him here to sleep *alone* ;
But, since that mournful day, the graves
Beloved have *many* grown.

A band of angel-spirits now
Are near us day and night,
To guard us ever from the wrong,
And cheer us in the right.

We know they have a spring more bright,
More beautiful than ours,
In that fair land where all the year
Bloom never-fading flowers.

But still these earthly flowerets frail
We love to scatter here,
To deck their quiet resting-place,
And show their memory dear ;

And think that, when these fading flowers
Shall bloom *for us* no more,
They'll welcome us to that bright home
Where sin and grief are o'er.

H. S. H.

WAYS OF DOING GOOD.

"INDEED, I cannot go with you," was Susan Murray's answer to her friend Edith Wilson. "I have another engagement."

"And to-morrow you will take your music-lesson, and the next day I must take mine. Put off your engagement, Susie."

"I can't indeed. I should disappoint the person with whom I made it, very much."

"Don't be mysterious, Susie. Tell me what you are going to do. I'll try to find a way of release for you."

Susie blushed. "I will tell you what I am going to do; but you must not urge me to go with you then. I promised old Mrs. Carpenter to read to her this afternoon."

"Old Mrs. Carpenter! Susan Murray, have you lost your appreciation of what is really beautiful? Is it possible you are going to sit all the afternoon in that dark smoky room, when you might be walking in the woods?"

"Quite possible, Edith." The answer was made in a very calm tone; and Edith saw that she could not turn her friend from her purpose, by contempt of her plan. She tried another method.

"I don't think you pay me a very great compliment, Sue, to prefer old Mrs. Carpenter's company to mine."

"Why, Edith, I have not said that I did prefer it."

"You are going to act as if you did; and I'm sure you would think so, were we in each other's places."

Susie hesitated. She was strongly tempted to give

her reasons for spending her leisure hours with the infirm, and often peevish woman ; but she remembered that our Saviour said, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;" and she only answered, smiling, "You know you do not really imagine I love Mrs. Carpenter better than you ; but I cannot disappoint her. She has but few sources of enjoyment ; and you will find some one else to go into the woods with you, or something pleasant to do at home. Good-by. You will not reach home in season for dinner."

Susan Murray shut her door, leaving Edith Wilson only half convinced that she was right, and quite ready to be angry with her friend. Edith was an amiable, affectionate girl, but too apt to be suspicious respecting the motives which actuated the conduct of others. She went home wondering what could be Susan's inducement to spend a lovely spring afternoon with a cross old woman.

Susan was very happy for two reasons. She had not yielded to the temptation of the walk, and she had not given her reasons, which she felt sure Edith would not have appreciated. She had lately been placed in a higher class in Sunday-school, where the girls were older than her former class-mates, and where her teacher spoke often to them of their duties and responsibilities, as they were just preparing to enter life. A few earnest words that she one day addressed to her scholars seemed to turn the whole current of Susan's thoughts. She had always been what is called a good girl. Neither the watchful eyes of father nor mother could discover in her unfolding character any thing that made them fear for her future goodness and usefulness.

But, when this holy influence of God's spirit was first felt in her heart, she realized how often she sinned in her own thoughts. She stood with awe at the opening of life. She saw so much to be done, so much to be overcome, and she knew that but in one way could she labor and overcome. She remembered that she had often read, "They that seek me early shall find me," and she prayed that she might indeed find God. She was too timid and retiring to speak, even to her mother, of the inner life so fresh, so strong within her soul; but she could not conceal from her mother's watchful eyes that new and deep ideas of life and duty had dawned upon her.

Her teacher spoke of doing good to others; and Susie felt that here, at least, was one sphere of duty. Her mother had always been much interested in Mrs. Carpenter, and Susie called at her miserable room that very Sunday on her way home from church. She remained some time, to the great delight of the talkative old lady; and when she heard her lament that she could not read for want of spectacles, she immediately offered to come and read to her as often as possible, and appointed the afternoon of the very day on which our story opens, to begin.

Mrs. Carpenter poured forth thanks and blessings, and placing her hand upon Susie's shoulder, she said, earnestly, "Don't think I don't read the Bible, Miss Susan. I have one, in nice large print, that good old Mr. Thaxter left me when he died; and partly by seeing, and partly by remembering what ought to come next, I manage to read it."

"Mother," said Susie, after she had done all that was required of her at home, "what will be a good book for

me to read to Mrs. Carpenter? I promised to go and read her something."

"Have you begun Mrs. Ware's Life yourself yet?"

"No, mother, I thought father had not finished it."

"Yes, he finished it a week ago. I think Mrs. Carpenter will like it, and you will find an added interest in it yourself by reading it to her."

Mrs. Carpenter welcomed her young friend with earnestness, and made her sit near the only window, where the fresh air might play upon her as she read. She read on, unmindful of the lengthening shadows, through Mrs. Ware's early religious experience, with a complete forgetfulness of every thing but the true, earnest life whose record was before her. She was interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Carpenter's daughter, whose earnings at a large factory supported herself and her mother, and who had now returned from her day's work.

"Is it so late?" she asked, closing the book.

"I like it very much indeed, Miss Susan. It does my soul good to hear such a book as that. God bless you for reading it to me."

"I have not read it myself, Mrs. Carpenter, and I shall like to come again as soon as possible. To-morrow I cannot, but I will try to be here on Thursday."

With that lively self-approbation which only the *very* young feel, Susan hastened home. During the whole of Wednesday, she was longing for Thursday afternoon; but, when the long-desired time came, and she came into her mother's room with her bonnet on, her mother said, "I can't let you go out this afternoon, Susie: I must go with Kate to the dentist's, and afterwards to buy some articles I need very much. Bridget has been obliged to

go to-day and see her sick brother, and there is no one but you to take care of Charlie."

Susie's countenance fell. "Why, mother, I promised Mrs. Carpenter. Will it be right for me to make a promise?"

"Did you promise her? I am sorry. You had better not make an absolute promise the next time. But Kate and I can go to the dentist's, through Grove-street, and we can tell her why you could not come." Susie still looked disappointed; and her mother said, "If I see you troubled about it, I shall think you have your own gratification more than your duty at heart. Obviously, it is your first duty to-day to stay at home and take care of baby, and do good to old Mrs. Murray, instead of old Mrs. Carpenter."

Her mother's pleasant tone banished the last shade of dissatisfaction from Susie's face; and she brought her sewing, and sat down by the little crib, with as much pleasure as, a few moments before, she anticipated in going to Mrs. Carpenter's.

ED.

(To be continued.)

COACHES were invented in France about the year 1500, but were not introduced into England until about the year 1553. They were then without springs, which were an invention of a later date. It is said that there were only two coaches in Paris in the reign of Henry II. about the middle of the sixteenth century. Coaches were first let for hire in Paris about the year 1650. — *Selected.*

DRESS OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

THE garments are so full as to disguise the figure, and make the wearer appear shorter than he really is. The jacket, which is close all round, comes to the hips; and the sleeves reach to the wrist. The woman's jacket has a hood, a long flap behind, and a shorter one before, reaching half-way to the knee. The jackets of the men have also a hood, and a short flap behind. In the hood the women often carry a child. The whole dress is so loose, that it resembles meal-bags inflated with wind. The children wear fur caps, with the ears and noses of the animal, so that at a distance they look like cubs of bears and foxes. In the winter, every one wears in the open air two jackets, with the hair of the under one next the skin. Two pair of trousers are also worn, reaching to the knee, tied closely round the waist, and overlapped by the jacket. Over the legs and feet there are four or five thick coverings, and no cold can penetrate them. The boots are high, and reach above the knees. Those of the females are so large as to be grotesque, and make a distorted and ludicrous appearance. In Labrador they carry their children in their boots, and elsewhere they use them as pockets. All have mittens of fur, and are the pictures of comfort. — *Goodrich.*

RAMBLES IN BOLOGNA.

BOLOGNA is situated in the Pope's dominions. We crossed the Papal frontier, on our way from Florence, at a small place, the name of which I did not ascertain, where the officers of his Holiness detained the diligence a

long time, both to make themselves doubly satisfied — there were two of them — that there were no knaves among us who were trying to cheat so holy a man as St. Peter's successor, and at the same time to relieve us of a few francs for their own individual benefit. The city is very picturesquely situated, in a fertile plain of considerable extent at the foot of the lower slopes of the Appenines. It is surrounded by a high brick wall, from five to six miles in circuit. A little river, called the Lavena, flows just outside the wall; and a canal, connecting this stream with the Reno, passes through the city. It is said to contain a population, at present, of some seventy thousand. The wall of the city has twelve gates.

A remarkable feature in this city is its extensive colonnades, similar to those at Padua. Whole streets, for miles in extent, are furnished with these colonnades, covered porticos running along over the sidewalks. They are very convenient in a hot sun or in rain, though in some parts of the city they are rather low, and give an air of heaviness and gloom to the buildings.

Bologna is a very old city. The people can trace their history up to the time of the Etruscans, a date a good deal earlier than the Roman empire. It is supposed to have been founded nearly six hundred years before Christ.

This city has furnished more remarkable painters than almost any other in Italy. In Bologna originated the celebrated school of the *Caracci* family, which accomplished an entire revolution in the art of painting. The school was founded by Ludovico Caracci, a young man who, in his early career, exhibited but very few marks of genius. Some historian has remarked concerning him,

that he appeared for some years much more fit to grind paint than to lay it on the canvas. In after years, however, he obtained a very different reputation. In his school he was assisted by his cousins Agostino and Annibale Caracci. They succeeded in attracting a crowd of pupils, and their school became famous all over the civilized world. Domenichino, who has by some been considered as next to Raphael in genius, was a pupil in this school. Guido, scarcely less celebrated, also studied here.

I saw very few picture galleries in Europe which interested me more than that of the *Accademia delle Belle Arte*, which I suppose I need not tell you means the Academy of Fine Arts. There is no charge for admission here. You will wonder at this. But you will wonder still more, when I tell you that the same is true of nearly all the finest collections of paintings and statuary in Italy. There is no charge at the great galleries in Florence, — none at the Vatican in Rome. I obtained a catalogue of the pictures in the academy at Bologna, and marked on it those pictures which delighted me most. I could chat with you half a day about these pictures; but — presuming you would grow sleepy over the subject, for nobody can describe works of art so as to infuse much of the enthusiasm which he felt into the listener or the reader — I will glide hurriedly through the gallery, and soon conduct you to other points of attraction. I cannot, however, help noticing two or three of the pictures. The “Crucifixion,” by Guido, is one of the finest representations of this sublime scene which I ever saw. You cannot imagine how happily are brought out, in this sketch, the agony of our Saviour;

the gentle love and adoration of John, the beloved disciple; the fervent feeling of Mary Magdalene, who is kneeling and embracing the cross. Another picture, by the same master, is very finely executed. It is the "Victory of Samson over the Philistines." The sketch is so managed that there is nothing barbarous or forbidding delineated in it, but the story is told in a most wonderfully truthful and effective manner. Guido has a picture of St. Sebastian too, which, in my humble judgment, is the best of all the St. Sebastians I saw in Europe, not less, I think, to speak within bounds, than some two hundred. Of the pictures of the Caracci family, those which especially pleased me were a "Madonna and Child;" "Transfiguration;" "Nativity of John the Baptist;" "The Last Communion of St. Jerome."

The University library is well worth a visit. It contains one hundred and forty thousand volumes of books, and nine thousand manuscripts of note. Among the printed books in this library, is one which I am sure you would like to see. It is the book which the arrogant Henry VIII. of England wrote against one Martin Luther, in order at the same time to get the credit of being a wonderful scholar and to secure a large share of the favor of the Pope. How successful he was in these aims, you are well aware. Nobody but the despicable courtiers who fawned upon him, and trembled on their knees before him, ever gave him any credit for being a learned man; and the Pope quarrelled with him, and he had to break off from Rome altogether, and set up for himself, — the very thing that Luther taught him to do. Henry's famous book is entitled, "Assertio Septem

Sacramentorum adversus Martinum Lutherum. London, 1512." It is dedicated to Leo X. and has affixed to the dedication the king's autograph signature, *Henricus Rex.* My readers who understand Latin will not need to have me translate the title of the book for them, it is to be presumed.

This library will ever be memorable on account of its connection with one of the most remarkable scholars of any age, Cardinal Mezzofanti, who began his career as its librarian. He was the son of a humble tradesman in the city. So early as the time when he filled the chair of Professor of Greek and Oriental Literature in this university, he was celebrated all over Europe for his astonishing knowledge of languages. At the age of thirty-six, Mezzofanti read twenty different languages, and conversed fluently in eighteen; and at the time of his death, which took place in the year 1849, he spoke well forty-two languages. I have been informed by one who passed an hour or two in his company at Rome, that he was perfect master of all the modern languages, and spoke them with all the fluency of a native. Mezzofanti was called to Rome, and created a cardinal by Gregory XVI.

Bologna, like all the rest of the Italian cities, abounds in magnificent churches. The church under the patronage, as its name signifies, of *St. Stephen*, is one of the most remarkable. It is formed by the union of seven churches, or chapels. Here they show us a miraculous well, to the water of which was imparted, through a miracle of *St. Petronio*, some most extraordinary qualities. What the peculiar qualities were, I could not find out; but they were deemed of so great value, that this

saint had a splendid marble sepulchre erected for him here, and it is pointed out to the visitor with very great veneration. The *Cathedral*, dedicated to St. Peter, is a very ancient church, though the present edifice was begun as late as 1601. In one of the chapels of this church is preserved the skull of St. Anna, presented in 1435 by Henry VI. of England. The largest church in Bologna is that of *San Petronio*. It was founded in 1390, while Bologna was a republic. It is still in an unfinished state; but a vast amount of labor and immense sums of money have been expended upon it. It is said to be one of the finest specimens of the Italian Gothic of the fourteenth century. It was in this church that the emperor Charles V. was crowned by Pope Clement VII. In the church of *San Domenic* is the tomb of the patron-saint, the founder of the Inquisition. Here, too, they show us the head of the saint. It is inclosed in a silver case weighing one hundred and fourteen pounds. It was placed there in 1383.

There are two leaning towers in Bologna, standing within a few yards of each other. One is called the *Torre Asinelli*, and the other *Torre Garisenda*. They were both originally much higher than the leaning tower of Pisa, though a considerable portion of one of them, on account of its having been deemed unsafe, was torn down some years since. I went to the top of the Asinelli tower. I had before become quite accustomed to climbing towers, spires, and campaniles; and this ascent, though embracing nearly four hundred and fifty steps, seemed no great achievement. This tower was begun in 1109, by Gerardo Asinelli. Its inclination in 1706, as recorded by an inscription on the wall, was as-

certained, by careful measurement, to be three feet and two inches. After a severe earthquake which took place in 1779, it was again measured; but no alteration was discovered. But in 1813 the inclination was found to have slightly increased. The staircase by which we ascended is a very rude one, quite impracticable for timid climbers. The view from the top is fine in the extreme. I was well paid for the fatigue of going up. Bologna appears to very good advantage in the foreground, and on all sides the distant view is charming. Here, as on a map, we can see the Apennines, the cities of Ferrara, Padua, Verona, Modena, and Imola, with nameless villages of less note.

The other tower no one is permitted to ascend. Its inclination, before it was decapitated, was eight feet to the east, and three to the south. — *Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet.*

“BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS, AND SO FULFIL THE LAW OF CHRIST.” — GAL. vi. 2.

WHAT are our burdens? Our burdens are our sins, our sorrows, our trials and temptation, — all that make us sad and weary, all that make us feel our own weakness and sinfulness.

But you will say we have to bear our sins, or the consequences of them ourselves. That is true. But can we not so conduct ourselves towards others that we shall be constantly leading them away from sin? For instance, if we have an irritable companion, can we not

be gentle and forbearing, and yield much, rather than, by our own resistance, tempt him to be angry? If we have an indolent friend, can we not stimulate him to action? If a selfish one, can we not show him how much pleasanter it is to live for others than for himself alone? So we can help to bear, or rather to take away the burden of sin from others.

Our sorrows. I dare say many of you have read the story of the mother who called her children round her at night to ask what good they had done during the day. All had done something, — all but the two youngest, — little twin girls of six years old. These could recollect nothing, except that one had rejoiced because a friend had gained some prize at school, and the other had wept with a child who had lost a darling brother. We can all do this. We can give the tear of sympathy, the pressure of the hand, the warm kiss, which shows that we grieve for them in their distress.

Our trials. And here how often may we aid others. Sometimes we may actually make the trials lighter; but oftener we can counsel our friends how to bear them well, how to find comfort under them, how to turn them into good.

Our temptations. And here indeed is a large field. We may often and often keep the feet of those around to the path of duty. We may warn them, may urge them, may persuade them, and draw them from wrong by our own example of right.

We can bear the actual toils of life with our friends. We can often find a moment to perform some little act of service for one, which will be of great consequence to him. Children can do much of this. They can save

the more valuable time of their elders, by doing errands, by delivering messages, by splitting wood, by taking care of children, by helping younger brothers or sisters in their lessons, and especially they can help to bear their parents' burdens, by being truthful, obedient, and kind in their behavior at home.

"So fulfil the law of Christ." Christ himself bore all these burdens for others; and we fulfil his law, we obey his precepts, if we follow his blessed example. Let us all, then, be watchful, and endeavor to ascertain what the burdens of the other are. Let us be careful to afford strength to weakness, hope to despair, joy to sorrow, patience to anger. Let us indeed fulfil the law of Christ.

And we may be sure, if we try to help others, we shall have help from above. Christ himself will be near us in spirit, and the thought of him will bring peace and joy and strength. He will aid us in aiding others, and in bearing our own burdens; and the more we love our fellow-men, the more will his love abound in us. ED.

BENEVOLENCE.

HE is the wisest and the happiest man
Who in his sphere does all the good he can,
And, with a ready hand and generous heart,
Performs to all a benefactor's part.
He clothes the naked, he the hungry feeds,
Consoles the sorrowing, for the guilty pleads:
His are the joys which pall not on the sense,
And his the high reward of pure benevolence.

H. G. Adams.

THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF J. N. BOUILLY.

THE inhabitants of Savoy have ever been remarkable for their love of labor and their scrupulous integrity. Admitted into the first hotels in Paris, there is never any complaint that they have abused the confidence reposed in them. Accustomed to live upon little, not changing their manner of living, nor their coarse clothing, even in the heart of the capital, they have but one end, but one desire: it is to amass a moderate sum of money, although with difficulty and by incessant toil, which, joyful and triumphant, they carry to their poor families, who often suffer much during their absence.

Amongst the labors to which these good people are accustomed, the sweeping of chimneys is that which has especially devolved upon them. These sweepers generally go in pairs; the one, of a tall figure, for large chimneys; the other, smaller, and often a mere child, in order to be able to climb up in the small chimneys of cabinets or boudoirs. This small sweeper is entirely submissive to the authority of the larger, who exercises over him the absolute power of a mentor and a master.

It was the end of autumn. M. Destinval, an honest merchant in Paris, called two Savoyards from the corner of the street, to come up into his cabinet, to sweep the chimney. As it was of modern structure, and as the passage was very narrow, the younger of the two was ordered to go into it. According to custom, they covered the entrance to the chimney with a double cloth,

in order to avoid the smell and the dust of the soot, and to preserve the apartment from it. The little sweeper once set to work, the large one went to attend to other labors in the same house.

Eliza, M. Destinval's daughter, attracted by the desire of hearing the little song that the Savoyards generally sing while cleaning the chimneys, remained in her father's cabinet; and drawing aside the cloth to hear better, she let it fall, picked it up quickly through the cloud of soot which came down, and ran immediately to clean her dress and her hands, that no trace of her blunder might remain.

Meanwhile, the little sweep, after having finished his song, came down from the chimney, and, finding himself alone in the room, called his comrade, who soon came in, accompanied by M. Destinval, and by several of the servants.

When the soot was collected, when the little Savoyard had shaken and cleaned himself, and had again put on his coat, M. Destinval, satisfied with his service, and pleased by the frank and simple gayety of the pretty little mountaineer, gave him a crown to drink his health. He went out immediately with his larger comrade, to help him collect the soot of another chimney, which, during this time, the latter had cleaned in a neighboring apartment.

Eliza soon came in, and related to her father what had passed between the two Savoyards. She had seen, she said, the younger give to the other the crown which he had received. She had heard him congratulate him upon having made a good morning's work, — a very good morning's work. In a word, Eliza repeated to her

father all that was said; for the young girl, although otherwise sensible and amiable, had a love of talking that often passed the bounds of discretion, and of which her parents had in vain tried to cure her.

When all was put in order in M. Destinval's apartment, he wished to arrange his dress, but could no longer find upon the chimney-piece the two diamond studs which he had placed there. Surprised and troubled, he sought for them everywhere, and at first suspected the little Savoyard of having stolen them.

"Yet," said he, "the frank and joyous air of this little sweep, the pleasure he manifested at receiving the crown that I gave him, every thing prevents my believing that he can have committed this theft." Reasoning thus, he again and again looked in vain for his studs; and at last Eliza proposed to ask the people in the house if they knew any thing about the disappearance of these jewels.

"Go," said M. Destinval to her; "but beware of showing any suspicion, and only ask the porter in a low voice to tell the little Savoyard, when he goes out, that he may come back again into my cabinet, as I have some thing to say to him, an errand to give him." C. D.

(To be continued.)

PYRAMID OF EGYPT. — The great pyramid in Egypt is 456 feet in height, and its base occupies thirteen acres. Its weight is estimated at six millions of tons, and its erection would occupy 3,000 men twenty years. If it was broken up, the materials would rear a wall around the whole empire of France, ten feet high and two and a half feet thick. — *Selected.*

THE BASKET.

"FANNY, where is Alice? I have not seen her for a long time," said Mrs. Allen to her daughter.

"I don't know, ma'am."

Something in Fanny's tone, though it was perfectly respectful, caught the ever-watchful ear of her mother, and she looked up from her needle-work, and saw a flush on Fanny's cheek. "Have you quarrelled again, so soon after all I said to you this morning?" she asked, reprov-
ingly.

"No, mother, I'm sure *I* have not quarrelled. Alice wanted my pretty new basket to put flowers in, and I was not willing to lend it to her, because I feared it would get soiled. Then she said I was ugly and dis-
obliging, and I said I did not think I was any more disobliging than she was. Then she put on her bonnet, and went out."

"Was Alice going to pick garden flowers?"

"Yes'm. She was going to take some to Miss Leason, because she heard she was sick."

"I do not think a few garden flowers would have injured the basket. Besides, it would have been very easy to have lined it with paper, and then it could not have been soiled."

Fanny blushed. She saw how much better this plan would have been than that which she had adopted; but she was still too proud to own it: so she said, "Why, mother, you always tell me I don't take care of any

thing; and this time I tried to be careful, and you blame me."

"Is that the exact truth, Fanny? Did you think, when Alice asked for the basket, of the many times I had told you to be careful, or did you think that you did not wish to lend it? Answer me truly."

"Why, — yes — no — that is — I did not think of it when I first refused her, but I did just afterwards."

"Then, in plain language, you refused her from selfishness, and then justified, or *tried* to justify yourself, by remembering that I had reproved your carelessness. Here are two sins, — equivocation, which is the worst form of falsehood, and selfishness. There were in fact three sins; for the flush on your cheek, when I asked where Alice was, showed me that you were angry with her. Three sins are too many to commit for one basket. Ah! Fanny! I little thought this morning that I should be obliged to correct you so soon again."

Fanny cried, but said nothing. Just then, Alice entered. The crown of her old straw hat was filled with roses, pinks, honeysuckles, and sprigs of arbor vitæ. "Are you too busy to tie these up for me, mother?" she inquired. "I want to carry them to Miss Leason."

"I am too busy, unless a bouquet is the only way of arranging them. In that case I will tie them for you. But where is Fanny's basket? She will lend that to you."

Alice's brow clouded. "I asked her for it, mother; and she said she was afraid I should soil it."

Mrs. Allen looked towards Fanny, expecting to see her rise to get the basket. She waited a moment or two;

but, as Fanny did not move, she laid aside her own work, and began to arrange the fragrant blossoms. Alice looked on with delight, as her mother placed a red rose beside a white one, and then added a few pinks, and disposed two or three light stems of lilies, so that their graceful bells might hang over a crimson rose. Then followed the piece of pack-thread that bound them together, and the work was complete. With a kiss Alice left her mother, and was soon on her way to her sick friend.

Fanny presently dried her tears, and again took up the book she had been reading. She could not, however, fix her attention upon it; so laid it aside, and prepared for a walk. As she was going out of the gate, Alice entered it. Neither spoke, and Alice went directly to her mother's chamber.

"Oh!" cried she, "I have had such a nice visit. Miss Leason was better, so much better, that she sent for me to come into her room. She was lying on the sofa, and I thought she looked very pale; but she was glad to see me, and talked most beautifully to me about God's love. She said she felt it more than ever since she had been sick, and all the kindness and attention of her friends, she was grateful for, because He had put it into their hearts to love her. And then she talked to me about showing love in my daily actions."

"I fear you wearied her, and stayed too long."

"Oh no, indeed! It was only quarter of an hour by her clock; and she said I had not tired her at all, and that I must come again."

"I hope you will remember all she said to you about love in your daily actions, better than you remembered

my conversation with you this morning. I did not think you and Fanny would quarrel to-day, at least."

"But it was so disobliging in Fanny not to lend me the basket. I promised to take great care of it, and to bring the flowers into the house, and arrange them here, so that there could be no possibility of dropping it into one of the flower-beds."

"It did not make her more obliging, surely, to tell her she was ugly."

"I know it, mother; but I spoke before I thought, and then I was sorry for it."

"Why did you not say to her that you were sorry?"

There was a long pause, and then Alice said, "I suppose the true reason was, that I did not feel sorry enough to ask her to forgive me: I was too proud."

"And can you not ask her now?"

"Why, I think she was as much to blame as I."

"That may be. But our consciences tell us only what is right for us to do, not what is right for other people. Is it right for you to seek her forgiveness? That is the question for you. But here comes Aunt Mary. I am going down stairs to see her. In the mean time you can think over all you have heard to-day; and, perhaps by the time Fanny returns, you will determine what to do."

Alice had a long struggle with herself. Nothing is more disagreeable to a high-spirited child than the necessity of asking pardon for an offence. Only the spirit of God in the heart can prompt to this necessary method of reconciliation. Such a child can pour into the ear of God her confession, and seek His forgiveness; but the confession to a fellow-creature is the hardest thing that can

be required of her. She sat by the window, and watched the setting sun, the waving trees, and the twittering birds, and then she saw Fanny coming discontentedly down the road. Alice knew by her very step that she was not happy, and her heart was softened towards her.

She ran down stairs to meet her, and asked her if she had had a pleasant walk. Fanny answered, "Yes;" but she was evidently not thinking much about it.

Mrs. Allen presently saw through the open door of the dining-room the heads of her two little girls, close together in earnest conference, and heard Alice say, —

"I'm sorry I called you ugly and disobliging. I'll try not to do so again. I was sorry as soon as I had spoken, but I did not like to tell you so. But Miss Leason talked to me about loving all our friends, and doing all the good we can for them, because God does so much for us; and then I felt I had done very wrong."

"I was wrong first," said Fanny, melted by this ingenuous confession, "and I ought to have lent you the basket, for I did not really think you would hurt it, — I was only afraid you would."

Mrs. Allen silently asked God to watch over her two dear children, and so to fill their hearts with love to him, that they might always love one another.

ED.

THE PRECIOUS PLANT.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Two girls, Bridget and Charlotte, were on their way to the city, each bearing a heavy basket full of fruit upon her head. Bridget murmured and sighed continually; but Charlotte only laughed and joked.

Bridget said, "How can you laugh? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are no stronger than I."

Charlotte answered, "I have placed a certain plant with my load, and so I can scarcely feel it."

"Ah!" cried Bridget, "that must be a precious plant. Tell me, I pray you, what it is called."

Charlotte answered, "This precious plant which makes all burdens lighter, is called Patience." For —

Light is the burden for his back,
Who addeth patience to the pack.

Sunday School Gazette.

BOOKS IN OLD TIMES. — During the thirteenth century, so scarce and precious were the manuscript-books, that it sometimes happened that if a religious council were assembled, and wanted to consult the works of the Fathers, they had to send to a considerable distance to borrow them at much expense, giving a heavy security for their safe return. The works of eminent medical men were so rarely to be met with, that on one occasion, when a king of France wished to possess a copy of the writings of Baize, a celebrated Arabian physician, the faculty of medicine of Paris would not lend it even to the monarch without pledges. — *Selected.*

ANNIE GRAY'S JOURNAL. — No. 25.

Tuesday, July 24. — I have been to Aunt Mary's to tea. She asked me about school and my history-lessons, and wanted to know whether I was improving. I told her no. Then she asked "why," with a very *reproving* look; and I told her my head ached almost all the time. She laughed at me, — no, not exactly laughed, — but she smiled and said, "Don't you imagine that, Annie; I would be determined not to think of the headache, and then I fully believe it will stay away." But the more I try not to think of it, the more it comes; and I wish Aunt Mary would not smile so. Last Sunday, father looked at me, and said, "Why, Annie, are you not going to church?" Then I had to say again, "My head aches." And he smiled too, and told me headaches musn't be indulged too much. Yesterday, while I was studying, it made me feel so, that I asked Mrs. Howe to let me be dismissed. And, after I came home, I went to sleep. And, when I woke up, it was beautifully well. I was so glad that Mrs. Howe did not laugh at me.

Wednesday noon. — Father has come to dinner, and says, "Mrs. Clare, I am going to ride this afternoon; and, if Annie and May will be ready, I will take them with me." I wonder what I must do to get ready. May says, "Nothing; only, put on our bonnets, Annie." But there is the dinner-bell.

Friday, 26. — How funny! Not home, but Berry Beach, and not my Journal, but some sheets of paper

which Mrs. Ashton has given me. She says, I can sew them into the right place among the Journal leaves. I guess they will stare, and say, "How came *you* here?" But I will only tell them how *I* came *here* at Berry Beach. Why, you see, Journal leaves, my father brought me here. Now, I will tell you all about it. Just as we started that day — Wednesday — father looked out of the chaise, and said, "If I should not return till to-morrow morning, you need not be anxious." Mrs. Clare opened her great eyes in amazement. "Why, Mr. Gray," she said, "The children are not prepared to stay over night!" "Well," said father, "perhaps I shall come early in the evening; if not, to-morrow morning." And so we rode swiftly away. When we asked father where he was going to take us, he only said he was thinking about it. We were thinking it was a pretty long ride before it ended. But, just after sunset, we stopped at a great white house, and heard the sound of waves dashing, and looked out ever so far over the sea. And there, on the piazza, was Mrs. Ashton, with little Susie, and another lady, who knew father, and shook hands with him. We sat around a very large table at tea, with a great many strange people; and, after tea, we went to the upper piazza, and sat there looking out at the water. Father talked a little with Mrs. Ashton; and then he told us that he was going to walk on the beach, and we were to stay all night, and sleep in Mrs. Ashton's room. By and by the stars came out; and then we saw, far out over the sea, we saw a little light, something like a star, only it kept appearing and disappearing. A gentleman told us it was a *revolving light* in a light-house many miles off. I never heard of a

revolving light before. So he told us all about it. I watched it all the time the people were talking and laughing; and pretty soon the moon rose, but father did not come back. May and I looked and looked, as far as we possibly could, into the moonlight and into the shadows; but, whenever we thought he was coming, it only turned out to be a mistake. Then we whispered together about it, and thought perhaps he had fallen into the ocean. "What can we do, May?" I asked her. "Oh, I don't know, Annie! can't we go to bed?" said May. Just then Mrs. Ashton said, she was almost forgetting our sleepy eyes, but we must go to bed, so she showed us a nice little bed in her room; and, when we were almost asleep, she came again, and told us that father had come home, and sent us his good night. And that is all I can write now.

Saturday. — Now I will go on with my story. The next morning, father told me that he was going to leave me with Mrs. Ashton a few days, and take May home with him. A little while after that, they rode away. If May had only stayed, I should have a beautiful time. I do have a pretty good time now, though among all the children I only know Susie. She seems like Eva, only more merry. She goes dancing, jumping, singing, about all over the house, and stops at the open doors of the rooms when the ladies call to her, and has plenty of kisses for anybody who asks her. Then they ask her to repeat little verses, and she does that; and then they ask her funny questions, and laugh when she answers, and she laughs too. I will teach Eva some of those verses when I go home. Down upon the beach to-day, I tore my frock, and had not another one to put on.

Mrs. Ashton mended it for me as well as she could; and a young lady brought me her silk apron, and tied it on to cover the place. "Never mind if it is too long," she said. I believe I look very queer. Father promised to send me some clothes, but they haven't arrived yet. I wish they would; for this morning, when I was walking with Susie on the beach, we met a boy and girl, who stopped to speak to her. Susie was dressed prettily, and so were they. I thought of my gingham frock, all soiled and torn, with the long black apron over it; and the little girl looked them all over with great wide eyes; and then she looked at her brother, and put her lips out, and whispered loudly to him, "Who's that girl?" I know what she thought, just exactly; but I can't help looking so. The lady who lent me the apron never stared so. I love her dearly. She looked at me after I met that girl, and said, "Well, Annie, put on your philosophy instead of your clean dress; the things will certainly come to-day." I don't know what she means by putting on *Philosophy*. Patience, I guess, or something of that sort. I don't want to meet that little boy and his sister again; to see such lips fixed at me. I never will look at any child so. *Did I ever?* — I wonder. I never will, even if she wore window-curtains, or big table-cloths, for a dress. When I asked Susie what her name was, she jumped off a high rock, and sung out, "I don't know — Kitty Lowe."

Sunday morning. — There isn't a sign of a church here, — one minister though, Mr. —, I have forgotten his name now; but it is Kitty Lowe's uncle Robert. That girl's name is really Kitty Lowe; I thought Susie was only making fun. She came and knocked

softly at the door this morning. She looked very pleasant; and asked Mrs. Ashton if she would like to go down into the parlor, for Uncle Robert was going to read and have some singing. Mrs. Ashton said, indeed she should; and she took us with her. Kitty's father was there (he came yesterday); and she was standing with her arms around him, and her lips very pleasant. Her mother was sitting there too, and some more people. Uncle Robert read a hymn, and Mr. Lowe sang, Kitty and the others with him. Then Uncle Robert read a chapter, and prayed. It seemed almost like going to church. Now Mrs. Ashton is going to read to us until dinner-time. Oh, I am so hungry!

Monday morning. — We had a beautiful time last evening, sitting on the piazza, after it was almost dark. Susie was running about very funny and merry, when Kitty's uncle, Robert, came out and caught her in his arms. "Come, Susie," he said, "repeat to me a little hymn, will you?" "Well," said Susie, and she was just going to jump upon his knee and begin; but he said, "Stop a moment, I'll call Kitty and Robert, and we will all repeat hymns." And so they all did, he and Mrs. Ashton, and almost all the children, and then they sang, and Uncle Robert prayed; and then we went to bed very happy.

Afternoon. — After I had written in my Journal, Mrs. Ashton sent Susie with me on an errand to Mrs. Lowe's room. There we found Kitty sewing. I don't know whether Kitty is a good girl or not. Yesterday I thought she was; but to-day I'm sure I don't think so. She looked red and pouty and cross. Her mother said, "Perhaps Annie will bring her work, and sew with you

a little while." "I don't want her," said Kitty, and she scowled at me awfully. "Oh, let me come! *I* can sew a little," Susie said. Mrs. Lowe kissed her, and told us to run back and get our work and sit with her, for she wanted some smiling faces very much. Kitty had plenty of troubles. Her needle was rusty, and the thread was knotty, and the hem looked soiled. Besides she wanted to go and bowl in the alley with her father and Uncle Robert; for, after dinner, they were going back to the city. Her mother did not scold as Mrs. Lane used to. She smiled, and said, "Come, Kitty love, let us sing together; that will make us sew faster." "I don't want to," said Kitty, and she pouted more and more. Then her mother looked sad; but she did not speak to Kitty, she only said, "Perhaps Susie and Annie will sing with me. Come, Susie, we will sing 'Chicka dee dee.'" But, the moment she began, Kitty jumped up, saying, "I won't hear it." Off she ran into her little bed-room, and shut the door with a slam. Mrs. Lowe only sang a few lines after that, and Susie kept singing on alone, excepting when she took a bad stitch and had to pick it out. When she had sung all the verses, she looked up in surprise, and said, "Why, where has Kitty gone?" After that, we came away. I don't know how Kitty got herself pleasant again; but at dinner she sat close to her mother, and looked very loving and good.

F. E. H.

BOYHOOD OF DR. CHALMERS.

THIS distinguished divine was unquestionably one of the greatest and most powerful pulpit-orators the world has ever seen, and he was also one of the best of men. He is acknowledged by all, whatever their views and opinions on the subject with which his name is chiefly associated, to have been guided by the worthiest motives, sustained by the highest spirit, and animated by the loftiest aspirations. His boyhood presents an example which may be most profitably studied and mused on by youth; because in his wildest, and merriest, and most mischievous days he never forgot the duty he owed to Him to whose service his life was piously and actively dedicated.

He was born on the 17th of March, 1780, the sixth of a family of fourteen children, at Anstruther, a seaport town of Fife, and one of five small boroughs that then returned a member to parliament. There his father, for several years the provost, carried on a flourishing business as a general merchant; as his father, the son of a Scottish clergyman and the grandson of a "laird," had done before him. The parents of this great man seem to have been strictly religious, and to have endeavored, by precept and example, to convey devout impressions to the minds of their numerous offspring.

When two years old, he was placed in the charge of a nurse whose cruel treatment and deceitful conduct he remembered through life; and to his last years he was in the habit of talking of the inhumanity with which she treated him. This, however, had the effect of producing a rare willingness to go to school, where he was placed

at the age of three. His parents had not, as may be imagined, much time to devote to the instruction of so very numerous a family; and the young scholar was left to profit as he best might by the daily lessons he received from the public preceptor. This worthy, however competent he might have been in former years, had at that time become too old and too blind to be a successful imparter of knowledge; but he retained all that enthusiastic love of flogging that characterized the teachers of the period, and indulged it to an extent which his pupils did not by any means admire or relish. Even in total blindness, the ruling passion was so strong that he exerted his ingenuity to the utmost to bring the unwary imps within reach of his implements of the torture. Having little to induce him to do so, Chalmers did not at first devote himself with any assiduity to his studies. On the contrary, he is still recollected as one of the idlest, merriest, strongest, and most frolicsome boys in Anstruther school; though, when he set himself to learn, no one could do it so speedily or so well. He was remarkably quick; yet, when the awe-inspiring lesson came to be said, it was generally found half or wholly unlearned. On such occasions, the juvenile offender was consigned to the coal-hole, and there compelled to remain in a most unpleasant and irksome solitude till he had performed his neglected duty to the master's satisfaction; but such was the quickness of his comprehension, that his term of durance was always the very briefest; and he was soon once more directing or leading some hazardous exploit, and raising above the youthful crowd that voice which afterward, in tones of surpassing eloquence, thrilled the hearts and swayed the judgments

of men. He was always, however, most indignant when falsehood or ribaldry mingled with their boyish mirth, and ever looked to as a protector by the weak and injured, whose cause he was at all times prompt to espouse and defend against their stronger and more powerful associates. Strongly averse to quarrels and brawls, he never failed to act as peace-maker when his mediation could be of any avail; and when his efforts could not be effectual, and his angry companions were contending fiercely with mussel-shells, he was wont to shelter himself from the raging storm in some secure retreat, exclaiming, in his native dialect, "I'm no for powder and ball."

Several members of the family to which Dr. Chalmers belonged had been clergymen; and, at as early a period as he could form and announce a purpose, he declared his intention of becoming one. Some passages in the Bible had been early impressed on his memory; and, when three years old, he was found, one dark evening, alone in the nursery, pacing up and down, and repeating to himself some of the sayings of David. He very soon fixed upon a text for a sermon, and is still remembered to have stood upon a chair, and vigorously preached from it to a single, but attentive listener.

It appears that Chalmers profited little by the instruction he received at Anstruther school, and his parents resolved to send him elsewhere. Accordingly, in November, 1791, he was enrolled as a student in the ancient University of St. Andrews, where one of his fellow-students was the present distinguished Chief-Justice of England. A letter to his mother, during the summer after his session at college, is still preserved as the earliest specimen of his writings; and proves, by its orthogra-

phical and grammatical errors. that he had still to commence the task of learning to compose with correctness in that language, of which he, ere long, became so consummate a master. Indeed, though the self-sufficient Ramsay was, as time rolled on, excessively proud of having taught him, Chalmers was, when he entered it, ill prepared by previous education to benefit by the instruction college afforded; and the greater part of the first two sessions was devoted much more to golf and football, the games of the locality, than to the appointed studies of the place.

Next year, however, he began in earnest the study of mathematics; he applied his mind to it with ardor, and henceforth his intellectual faculties knew no repose. He was enthusiastic in, and gave his whole attention to, whatever he undertook. Even after he was enrolled as a student of divinity, mathematics continued to occupy the greater part of his attention; and, having learned enough French for the purpose, he read attentively all the principal writings in that language on the higher branch of the subject. His interest in the study continued unabated, and not even the attractive lectures of one of the most eminent of theological professors could win him from his devotion. But toward the close of the session of 1795, he studied "Edwards on Free Will," and was so absorbed with it, that he could for some time talk of nothing else. He used to wander early in the morning into quiet rural scenes to luxuriate in solitary musing on the mighty theme.

In the following summer he paid a visit to Liverpool, where an elder brother was settled; and there speculations of the loftiest order strangely mingled in his mind,

with the shipping and docks on one side of the Mersey, and the plowed and pasture land on the other. He now began earnestly to cultivate his powers of composition; and his progress was so remarkably rapid, that in two years he acquired habits of quick and easy writing. When the ordinary difficulties of expression were once overcome, the thoughts pent up in his great soul found free and open vent in forms of surpassing power and beauty. Moreover, he very soon gave ample proof of his oratorical talent in the morning and evening prayers, which were then conducted in the Hall of the University, and to which the public were admitted. The latter did not generally manifest particular eagerness to avail themselves of the privilege; but when it was known that Chalmers was to pray, they came in crowds; and, though then only a youth of sixteen, the wonderful flow of vivid and glowing eloquence showed exquisite taste and capacity for composition, and produced a striking effect on the thronging audience. His style is said to have been then very much the same as when he produced such splendid impressions in the pulpit and through the press. For his cultivation in this respect, he was much indebted to his practice in debating societies formed among the students. He had early become a member of the political society, whose proceedings have not, unfortunately, been recorded; but in the Theological Society, to which he was admitted 1795, he particularly distinguished himself on some subjects, which interested and engaged his attention almost to the close of his earthly career. It is worthy of remark, that one of the exercises, written during his attendance at the Divinity Hall, on the ardor and enthusiasm of the early Christians, supplied him

with the very words in which, forty years after, he addressed four hundred of his brethren, when they were assembled to deliberate on the propriety of separating themselves from that church whose annals could hardly furnish a more bright or venerable name than that of the illustrious divine who stood in the midst to cheer and sustain them.

At the close of the seventh session at St. Andrews, Chalmers accepted a situation as tutor to a family in the north. In January, 1799, he returned to St. Andrews, and before long applied to the Presbytery to be examined preparatory to his obtaining a license as a preacher. Difficulties were raised from his being too young to be entrusted with the sacred functions; but, one of his friends having luckily discovered that the rule could be set aside in the case of an aspirant possessing rare and singular parts, he was, after the usual formalities, licensed in the end of July; and, starting immediately for the south, preached his first sermon in a Scotch chapel at Wigan, in Lancashire, while yet in his twentieth year. Betaking himself soon after to Edinburgh, he zealously pursued his studies for two years at the university of that fair city. Having for some time preached at Cavers, in "pleasant Teviotdale," he was ordained minister of the parish of Kilmany, May, 1803. There he remained till 1814, when, having during the previous year been elected to the Tron Kirk at Glasgow, he removed to undertake more extensive and onerous duties, and exercise his genius in a wider sphere. In 1814, being appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, he removed thither, and, in 1828, became Professor of Theology. The degree

LL.D. was conferred on him by Oxford, and he was elected a Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of France.

On the 31st of May, 1847, he died at his residence at Morningside, near Edinburgh; and all who knew him felt that pang which accompanies the disappearance of a truly great and good man from the earth. — *Boyhood of Great Men.*

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD, AND
THE FIRMAMENT SHOWETH HIS HANDIWORK.

PSALM xix. 1.

As we watch the gradual coming on of spring, and feel softer breezes blow, and the warm sunlight blesses us longer and longer each day, our hearts are full of joy, — full of gratitude to Him who has ordered the changing seasons. In the soft and dreamy haze of many of these spring days, — in the beauty of the landscape, beautiful, even though the buds have not yet swelled enough to burst their brown coverings, we see written, over and over again, a call to love and praise God.

Could we, dear children, make you feel how much, how very much, nature speaks to us of God, — could we make you feel how, ten thousand-fold more, the earth is fair, when we have this habitual recognition of its Maker, we should indeed be happy.

Why is the thought of spring so beautiful to us? Is it not because the winter has made every thing cold and

hard and bare, and we rejoice to see the contrast, the gradual wakening to life of nature? Then still more ought we to be grateful to God. For this beautiful wakening, which we enjoy so much, is but the sign of a more blessed spring, — the spring of the resurrection. Were it not for this knowledge of a future life, when we laid our friends in the grave, there would be an endless winter in our hearts. But we know that an everlasting spring will come, and that our beloved ones have only laid aside their bodies, as the trees part with their leaves, to be “clothed upon,” as Paul expresses it, with immortality, in that heavenly spring, of which we here can have but a faint imagination.

When, therefore, children, you look forth into the budding year, when your hearts bound with joy, let it not be the mere animal delight of the birds and the lambs. You have souls to thank God for his goodness; and let them not forget, in every fresh breeze, in every green blade of grass, in every nodding columbine, to acknowledge the Father's hand.

And, above all, when you remember of what our earthly spring is the signification; when you think, as we hope you all do, of the life beyond the grave; when you picture to yourself the joy of that eternal state, do not forget to thank God for his chiefest blessing, the Saviour Jesus Christ. Were it not for his coming, many a heart that in quiet peace sees the blossoming trees would be plunged in the darkest sorrow, because the spring brought not with it the forms of those who once with them loved to greet it.

But “God so loved the world that he sent his only-begotten Son.” Over the world, until he came, it was

winter. Darkness was upon the hearts of men, and coldness. Only in one spot, in the little kingdom of Judea, was there the faint light, that promised warmth and brightness about to come. Jesus came, and it was springtime in the world. The good seed was sown then ; the good seed is yet being sown. Still is it spring. Still the sky is clouded with the contentions, and strifes, and evil passions of men. Still blows the chilling east wind of selfishness ; still arise the mists of prejudice and pride. But we know that, in the natural world, summer succeeds the spring ; and, though we may not see it, still the glorious summer of the Christian faith will come, when the whole world shall know the Lord, and be filled with his praises from end to end.

Children, will you not let the good seed take root in your hearts, and so hasten that happy time ? ED.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

OH ! I long to lie, dear Mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass ;
With the calm blue sky above my head,
And the shadowy clouds that pass ;
And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All round about my bed ;
I'll close my eyes, and God will think
Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an Angel
To take me up to him ;
He will bear me slow and steadily
Far through the ether dim.

He will gently, gently lay me
Close to the Saviour's side ;
And when I am sure that we are in heaven,
My eyes I'll open wide.

I will look among the angels
That stand about the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary, —
For I know she must be one ;
And when I find her, Mother,
We'll go away alone ;
I'll tell her how we've mourn'd for her,
All the while that she's been gone.

Oh ! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again,
Though I know she'll ne'er return to us :
To ask her would be vain.
So I'll fold my arms around her,
And look into her eyes ;
I'll remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

And then I'll ask the Angel
To take me back to you ;
He will bear me slow and steadily
Down through the ether blue.
And you'll only think, dear Mother,
That I've been out to play,
And have gone to sleep beneath a tree,
This sultry summer day.

"I FORGOT IT."

(Continued from page 119.)

SHE went home with Edith, feeling little inclination to meet the inquiries of her father; the younger children she knew would be entirely satisfied with the prizes she had received. Mr. Layton was not at home; the girls had lingered so long at the school-room, that dinner was over, their father returned to his office, and the little ones to their own school. Only Gustavus, the next in age to Ellen, had remained: he looked up as his sisters entered; but Ellen's eyes told her disappointment, and, with more forbearance than brothers sometimes practise, he asked Edith a few questions, and then began to admire the books and globe which she proudly displayed as proofs of Ellen's success. But the time would come, Ellen knew, when she must meet her father's inquiring eye, and hear his questions and comments; and she awaited his return at evening with no little trepidation. She practised her music-lesson; she helped her mother sew; she took care of Willy, the youngest and the pet: but her heart was not in any of her duties; and her mother, seeing that any reference to the event of the morning only caused a fresh burst of sorrow, ceased her attempts to comfort her.

"So, Miss Nelly, these are your prizes, and very handsome ones they are," said Mr. Layton, as he examined them; "but where is the gold medal which was to outshine all else?"

"Papa, don't ask," whispered Edith. "Margaret Brainard had that."

Mr. Layton was not disposed to be lenient, however; and he continued. "How happened it, Ellen? Did that unlucky habit of forgetting come in the way here, too?" As he spoke, he lifted aside the fair curls that shaded her face, to gain a better view; but Ellen could bear no more: she started from her seat, and hastily left the room.

"I think you were very unkind, papa," said Edith. "It was quite bad enough to be disappointed, without being teased besides. Gustavus behaved better than you, for he never said one word."

Edith was her father's favorite, and said what she pleased with little fear of rebuke. He smiled, patted her cheek, and answered, "I am glad Gustavus was so thoughtful and kind, my dear; but don't you think a father has a right to pain his child a little, for a good purpose?"

"Not when she is unhappy enough before," persisted Edith.

"Unhappy enough! I wish she could be, for once," he said, speaking more to himself than to the child. Ellen did not appear at supper, and, soon after, Mr. Layton went to find her. She was in the library, lying on the sofa; not crying, though she looked very sad. "My daughter," he said kindly, "how is this? Is your disappointment so great that you cannot even answer my questions?" Ellen's lip trembled, but she made no reply. Her father sat down beside her, took her hand in his, and resumed, in a very grave though kind tone, "My child, have you not seen enough of the evil result-

ing from your forgetful habits? Were not your parents pained and mortified by the event of this morning? You must not allow yourself to think that you are the only one who suffers for your faults."

"I know — I see it all," she said, tears coming again to her eyes; "but I can't help it."

"Ellen!"

"Indeed I can't, papa; I have cried about it again and again, but it does no good."

"I should not suppose it would, my love. Now sit up and listen to me. You are quite old enough to be treated like a reasoning and reasonable creature, and I think you only need reflection to convince you of your danger. It is very possible that you do not sufficiently feel the importance of the subject. You say, 'It is but a trifle — it can't make any difference;' or, perhaps, 'I am sorry, but it is of no consequence after all;' and you overlook the fact that the accumulation of such trifles may form a vast amount of inconvenience which might have been spared to yourself and others. You forget some trifling duty; some one else must perform it; some other person's time must be sacrificed to prevent the evil that might result from your neglect. You say you love your friends, and no sacrifice would be too great for your affection. Perhaps not; but are there not many sacrifices which you consider too *small* to be of consequence? A great occasion would give you the opportunity of proving your love; but, in your wish to find such an occasion, I think you overlook the thousand little opportunities which daily present themselves."

"You are right, dear father," said Ellen. "Please go on; I never thought of this before."

"We will take another point of view, then. It may require but ten or fifteen minutes in the course of a day to repair the evil your forgetfulness has caused. Now minutes make hours and years; and these minutes, of which you have so thoughtlessly deprived your friends, might together have made months, most valuable to them. You would not take the merest trifle from any one without permission; but you wantonly defraud those around you of those great treasures, their time and their happiness. You would not, for the world, say that which is false; but, when you promise and *forget* to perform, your word is broken, — you have been guilty of falsehood. We have no *right*, my child, to forget any duty; and when, by so doing, we cause unhappiness to those around, we are very, very much in fault. You do not think of this, I am sure; or your sense of right and your desire of excellence would prevent you from yielding so much to habit. We all know, that, when a habit is indulged, the difficulty of conquering it is continually increased; and who can foresee the consequences which an inveterate habit of forgetting may produce? You would forfeit the confidence, the love, the esteem of your friends; and you would lose your peace of mind, your happiness, your comfort, perhaps even your *wish* to do right; and, while despairing of breaking your chains, you would bitterly lament your youthful weakness."

"O papa!" and Ellen's tears now were falling fast. "You do not think I shall ever be so wicked?"

"I trust you will not, my child; for I believe that when once you have opened your eyes to the danger in which you stand, when once you have thought seriously, as I would have you, of the deep wrong and injustice you

commit, you will guard yourself with the utmost care. And you must remember, too, that you, as the eldest of the family, have a great influence on the younger ones. You cannot expect them to obey your precepts, unless your example coincides with them. Do not let them by-and-by trace their faults and sorrows to sister Ellen's example. For the sake of those over whom your influence will be greater than perhaps you think, for the sake of those who love you and whom you love, for your own sake also, strive to remove from your character this great fault; and never, my daughter, permit me to hear from your lips that sad confession, 'I forgot it!'" He drew her to him, and kissed her forehead. "I have delivered a very long lecture, Ellen, and you have listened very patiently. Let me hope that it will not be in vain; that your failure of to-day, with the thoughts I have presented to you, may have some effect in inducing you to use all your efforts to correct this habit."

Ellen clung fondly to her father, and promised to try as earnestly as he could wish; and he left her, with a fervent prayer for her success. But habits are chains not easily broken; and, though Ellen did strive earnestly, there were many times when she had cause to regret her folly in allowing such a habit to become so fixed. Her father did not spare her; at such times his sarcastic questions and severe remarks soon recalled her to her duty, and she would again resolve and strive. This amendment continued for some time; but, pleased with the commendations of her father and teacher, she became a little too confident, and was admonished by some failures that she was not yet safe.

A. A.

(To be concluded.)

THE SHETLAND PONY.

THESE curious little animals attract so much attention wherever they appear, especially among youths, that they generally form a part of all the menageries that travel through the country. No wonder that they are great favorites with the girls and boys; for their small size, beautiful shape, and gentle, playful disposition, seem to fit them exactly to be playmates for young people, and the little horses are always ready to join in their pleasure excursions and frolics.

Egypt was the original country of horses; but, as they are now found in all parts of the world, they differ greatly, each kind of horse being adapted to the climate and productions of the country he inhabits. The Shetland pony is just the animal required in Scotland, the Shetland Islands, from which its name is derived, and Canada in North America. Its diminutive size suits the scanty vegetation of these countries, which would not support large animals; but, if they were as feeble as they are small, they would be of little service. They, however, possess immense strength in proportion to their size, and are so tough and healthy that they can live among the mountains through the long winters, and survive to a great age, even fifty or sixty years.

In Scotland they are called Shelties; and, as they have to take care of themselves, they run almost wild upon the mountains, and will climb up steep places, standing with ease on the very edge of the most frightful precipices. On the Sabbath they are always wanted to

carry the families to church, and they must be caught on Saturday. The rogues know how to make this a difficult task. It is a pleasing sight, on Sunday morning, to see one or two women mounted upon one of these ponies, covering him so completely with their large dresses that nothing can be seen of the pony but its droll little head.

A middle-sized man must ride with his knees raised to the animal's shoulders, to prevent his toes from touching the ground. It is surprising to see with what speed they will carry a heavy man over broken and zigzag roads in their native mountains.

A gentleman, some time ago, was presented with one of these handsome little animals, which was no less docile than elegant, and measured only seven hands, or twenty-eight inches, in height. He was anxious to convey his present home as speedily as possible, but, being at a considerable distance, was at a loss how to do so most easily. The friend said, "Can you not carry him in your chaise?" He made the experiment, and the Sheltie was lifted into it, covered up with the apron, and some bits of bread given him to keep him quiet. He lay peaceably till he reached his destination, thus exhibiting the novel spectacle of a horse riding in a gig.

A gentleman had a white pony which became exceedingly attached to a little white dog that lived with him in the stable; and, whenever the horse was taken out, the dog always ran by his side. One day, when the groom took out the pony for exercise, accompanied, as usual, by his canine friend, they met a large dog, which attacked the diminutive cur, upon which the horse reared, and, to the astonishment of the bystanders, so effectually fought

his friend's battle with his forefeet, that the aggressor found it for his interest to scamper off at full speed, and never again venture to assail the small dog.

A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, England, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a little pony, which had long been kept in the family, plunged into the stream, and brought the child safely ashore, without the slightest injury.

A farmer in Canada had a large number of ponies, and among them a very handsome and playful one, which was a great favorite with a little boy about ten years of age, the only child of the farmer. One day the boy was sent several miles on an errand for some money, with a warning to return before night, as the country was infested with robbers. His visit was so delightful that he forgot the command of his parents, and did not mount his pony to return till it was quite dark. His road lay through a thick forest, and it was not long before a highwayman attacked and dragged him from his horse, which ran swiftly homeward. Meantime his terrified parents sat trembling by their fireside, awaiting their boy's return. They were just preparing to go in search of him when they heard the clattering of hoofs, and soon after a loud kicking and pawing at the door. On opening it, they saw the pony in a state of great excitement, with his saddle and bridle dangling about him. He ran from them a short distance, then frisked about, and, seizing the father's coat in his teeth, pulled him along. The agonized parents followed the animal, who ran ahead, constantly turning back, and neighing to

urge them onward. After travelling many miles through the woods, they came to the place where the boy had been robbed, and found him tied to a tree, stripped of his money and clothes, and half dead with fear and cold.

* I have somewhere read a curious story of a farmer who was in the habit of riding a little "Shelty" to an ale-house, some miles distant, where he squandered his hard earnings in drinking, and generally became so intoxicated that he could hardly mount his horse. But the animal knew his master's failing, and usually succeeded in bringing him safe to his house. But one night the man rolled off into the mud when about half-way home. The fall cut his head severely, and he lay with his foot in the stirrup, so that the poor horse could not move without treading on him. After standing patiently for some time, he became vexed with his beastly master, and, turning his head, gave him a hearty shaking. This roused the man from his stupor; but his hurt was so severe that he could not rise, though he tried to do so, till the horse took hold of his collar, and raised his head nearly to the saddle, when he contrived to crawl upon his back, and was carried carefully home. — *Selected.*

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "BAWBEE." — Bawbee took its rise from a copper, coined after the death of James the Fourth of Scotland. He, with many of the nobility, was slain in the battle of Flodden Field. James left a son of a year old, his heir. The effigy of the infant king was struck, about the year 1514, upon a coin of the value of a halfpenny. Because he was so very young, this piece of money was called the baby, or *bawbee*. — *Selected.*

TO MINNIE —

On her receiving a White Japonica from an invalid friend, to whom she had sent
a simple Christmas gift.

OH, fairer than a varied wreath
Of blossoms e'er so rich and bright,
The one pure flower, that spread for thee
Its stainless petals to the light!

It came, a gift from one who knew
How sweet a simple gift might be,
Though offered by a little child,
Only to tell her sympathy.

And there's a meaning in the flower,
In every leaf of spotless hue ;
Where but a touch would leave a blight,
A lesson both for me and you.

'Tis type of such pure innocence
As round young childhood ever lingers
Like a white robe by Heaven bestowed,
And o'er it flung by angel-fingers.

Oh, guard it well from touch of earth,
And it may guard from earthly woe !
Keep the fair garment from the dust, —
For such a charm it can bestow, —
That, wander then where'er you will,
Heaven-shielded, you shall ever go.

A. D. T. W.

WAYS OF DOING GOOD.

(Concluded from p. 126.)

NOTHING prevented Susan Murray, the day following, from making the visit from which she promised herself so much pleasure; and she was careful, in mentioning the day when she should come again, to add, as her mother had suggested, "provided I am not needed at home."

On Sunday, she was glad to see her minister when she went into Sabbath-school; for she knew that he would speak to the children, and she always felt herself stronger and better for his instructions. A contribution was taken up on that day for the support of the "Children's Mission," and the occurrence gave the hint from which Mr. Marion addressed the little flock. He spoke to them of the good that was accomplished by missions, and by those who devoted themselves to the work of leading others from sin. Then he asked, "Can you not all join in this good work? Can you not all, in your daily life, shed a ray of heavenly light on some dark soul? Even a kind word will sometimes soften a heart that is accustomed to hear only harsh ones. Every child has a wide field in which to labor, and many are the instances in which children have been most faithful laborers."

As he went on to speak of the different means by which a child might do good, Susan's eyes brightened, and her spirit was refreshed. "I too will be a missionary," she inwardly resolved.

After Mr. Marion had finished his remarks, he paused a moment, and then said: "I know there are many of

the older members of the school who would like such counsel and assistance in the way of their duty as I can give. As I have visited in your families lately, I have found a very large number who would gladly, if they but knew the way, show by their active benevolence that the Christian instruction which they have received has not been seed sown on barren ground. If, therefore, any or all of these will meet me to-morrow afternoon at my house, I shall rejoice to see them, and to aid them so far as it is in my power to do so."

This was an opportunity for which Susan had been thirsting. Her mother, a delicate woman, and constantly under the pressure of domestic cares, rarely found time for those long, quiet conversations which she so much desired and needed. Often a few words would encourage and instruct her; but these were all Mrs. Murray could give, and Susan felt that she needed more.

"I hope mother won't hear of these meetings," said Edith, who was Susan's classmate: "I'm afraid she will make me go. Will your mother want you to go?"

"Yes; but she will not find it difficult to persuade me, for I am very desirous to attend them. Are you in earnest? Don't you really want to go?"

"No, indeed! and really, Susie, I believe you are bewitched! Two or three afternoons in the week you give up to Mrs. Carpenter; and now here is another to Mr. Marion, and two for your music-lesson. I may as well seek some other companion," continued she, in a half-vexed tone; "for you will never be ready to walk with me. The only trouble is that I like you, in spite of your strange, new proceedings, better than any other

girl in town. Do be reasonable, and give up Mr. Marion's meetings."

Susie looked thoughtful for a moment, and then she said playfully, "Do be reasonable, Edith, and *come* to Mr. Marion's meetings."

"I have not lost my senses yet."

"Will you come to please me? Will you come to six of them, for my sake? If you do not like them then, I'll not urge you any farther."

"I don't know. What! make a martyr of myself for you? Why, you won't even give up Mrs. Carpenter for me. I have half a mind to make you the promise. I never can refuse any thing you ask me, and I believe that is the reason you have asked me to undergo this penance. I have it! I have it!" cried she, joyfully, after a moment's pause. "I am dying with curiosity to know what has made you so *astonishingly* good lately, and I'll go to six of the meetings; yes! and I'll even *try* to be interested, if you will tell me the reason."

Susan hesitated. At length she replied, "I'll tell you, Edith, if you do not know then what they are."

"I'm satisfied. I shan't know; so you'll have to tell me." Edith would have said more; but just then they entered the church, and Susie raised a warning finger, and entreated silence.

For four or five successive weeks, Edith called for her friend; and they went together to Mr. Marion's. Still Susie could detect no sign of increased interest on Edith's part, and began to fear that the little plan she had thus laid for her improvement would utterly fail. Young as she was, she had formed a true estimate of Edith's character, and knew that her ardent and impul-

sive nature was transparent as ardent; and that were any impression made upon her, she, her constant companion, would be sure to perceive it. She walked along on the fifth afternoon of Edith's trial, therefore, quite soberly and sadly. Edith was too busily occupied with a long story she was telling to notice Susie's silence; and, ere it was finished, they had entered Mr. Marion's pleasant study, and all communications of the kind were for a time at an end.

Edith seated herself near the window, where the cool breeze sent in the fragrance of the just-opening roses, and thought, that, if Mr. Marion was *very* dull, she could at least enjoy the pleasant view from the window. After the few words of prayer with which the minister commenced, he said, to Edith's surprise, "The afternoon is so lovely, and the landscape before my eyes so beautiful, that I have not been able to fix them on any thing else. I intended to resume the subject of our last meeting, but I needed some preparation for it, and came into my study intending to devote a quiet hour to it; but my mind has been filled with one thought, — the love of the Father. Shall I not, then, follow the promptings of my own mind, and speak with you of this love."

Edith prepared to listen more attentively than she had ever done before. It seemed as if the quiet beauty and peace of the landscape had sunk into and inspired the pastor's soul; and his simple words were full of that earnest conviction that carries itself to every heart. Glistening eyes and glowing cheeks responded to his words.

But, when he turned from the outward blessings of our lot to speak of the Father's crowning mercy, the

gift of his beloved Son, the calm, yet fervent tones, the entire trust and blessedness of Mr. Marion's faith in the Redeemer, touched more than one heart; and when he called upon them, in the morning of their days, to yield those hearts to Him who alone could give them peace and joy, and closed his appeal with a few words of prayer, the little group rose and silently departed. Their minister had touched the deepest chords of the human heart; and the solemn, yet sweet vibration left no room for speech.

Few words were said by Edith or her friend on their homeward way. Susie's heart was full of a deep and quiet joy, and Edith felt that the gentle words of the minister had stirred in her soul new and strange thoughts. Through the week which ensued, Susie could not help noticing the change in Edith's manner. She was generally very thoughtful; but now and then her bursts of merriment startled even those who were best acquainted with her excitable temperament. Susie hoped Mr. Marion's words might have opened the closed eyes of her spirit; but she forbore to speak of it.

"Let us go the long way to Mr. Marion's, Susie," said Edith the next Monday afternoon. "It is very early, and we shall have sufficient time." Susie willingly consented, and they had walked a few steps when Edith said again, "Do you know, Susie, this is the last day of our agreement?"

"Yes, I remember it. But it was not until after you had been to the sixth lecture that I was to fulfil my part, if it was necessary."

"It is not necessary, it is not necessary, dear Susie. I know now — I understand — I am not going to please

you this afternoon, but because I feel in myself that I need it. My heart is full, dear Susie. Every thing appears in such a different light to me — I can't tell you, — I cannot express myself — only I feel that this life was not given us to be thrown away in idleness, but to be used; and, oh, what a solemn trust it seems to me!

Tears were on the warm-hearted Susie's eye-lashes, when Edith ceased speaking. Those only who have felt the blessedness of seeing a friend's face set towards the heavenly country know how pure the joy was that thus dimmed her eyes, and they will know what hopeful, comforting words God gave the elder, grace to speak to her younger companion.

Many a plan of usefulness did the summer sun smile upon, and the autumn brought with it many a fruit, small but yet sweet, accomplished by these two friends, now more than ever united; and many a hour did the winter see taken from amusement to bestow in cheering the dwellings of the poor, or in protecting them against the sharp cold of the season.

Spring and summer passed again; and, on a golden September afternoon, Susan Murray and Edith Wilson sat with Mr. Marion in his study. They had spoken to him of their hope of future usefulness, and their earnest conviction, that without God we are alone and helpless in the world. As they rose to go, Edith looked through the window over the quiet landscape and said, —

"I love this scene. It reminds me of the day of my awakening; and oh! Mr. Marion, I often think that Susie's best work so far was done for me. She persuaded me to come to your meetings, and through her means I heard you speak the blessed words that opened my heart to new views of life and duty."

Mr. Marion took a hand of each. "God has indeed given Susie this great happiness," he said; "and he has given me the blessing of seeing you, who have grown up under my teachings, turn your thoughts from this life to the heavenly. And may he, whose holy name you are next Sunday to confess before men, be ever with you, as he has promised to be with his disciples, even unto the end of the world."

ED.

THE LITTLE SAVOYARD.

(Concluded from page 138.)

ELIZA hastened to execute her father's orders. None of the servants had seen the lost studs; each formed a thousand different conjectures, and all suffered at once on account of this accident. When the slightest thing disappears, it is a calamity in a house where all the servants are honest: doubt even is an outrage; the least suspicion, a punishment.

Eliza, who was often led farther than she meant by her unfortunate habit of chattering, forgetting what her father had said to her, recalled to many of the servants that the little sweep had been alone in her father's cabinet, when he came down from the chimney. She added that she had thought she remarked something like embarrassment about him, a certain emotion, when M. Destinval entered with her, &c. Finally she confided to them, but in the strictest secrecy, that her father him-

self suspected the little Savoyard of being the author of the theft. She then went down to give the order agreed upon to the porter, and returned to her father.

"No," repeated he, "I cannot yet believe that this little unfortunate can have so far forgotten himself. I wish, I ought, to assure myself entirely of his innocence; and, if he is guilty, I shall know how, while giving him a severe lesson, to save him from the opprobrium, and perhaps the terrible vengeance, that all his countrymen will heap upon him."

As M. Destinval said these words, piercing cries and the noise of repeated blows were heard in the court-yard, which had immediately attracted all the people of the hotel, and those who were passing in the street. M. Destinval opened his window; he saw the poor little Savoyard, whom his larger comrade was still striking, and who, half killed by the blows, with joined hands protested his innocence. M. Destinval went down at once, supposing that the theft had been confessed by the child, whom he determined to withdraw from his sad fate. His daughter followed him, imagining also that the thief was discovered; but what was their sorrow to hear one of the servants, who was still holding the little sweep by the hair, cry, "Yes, there is the guilty one! it is he who has exposed us all to the most cruel suspicion; he shall pay dearly for the harm that he has done us." "Ah! what proofs have you, that you condemn him thus?" said M. Destinval, piercing the crowd. "Can there be any proof stronger than your own accusation?" replied the servant. "Who told you that I accused him?" "Miss Eliza; — why do you wish to spare a little rascal who has compromised us all?"

"What! my daughter!" replied M. Destinval with indignation, "is it possible that you have violated the secret which I confided to you! No, no," added he, "I declare, upon my honor, that I have not accused this child; I have only conceived some slight suspicions, and I was far from expecting, when I confided them to my daughter, that she would make so cruel a use of them."

Whilst M. Destinval spoke thus, the little Savoyard, prostrated at his feet, implored his justice, and begged for mercy. Eliza, confused and trembling, perceived, too late, her sad imprudence. The servants, always implacable, and the passers-by who had collected around, prompt to yield to the first impression, loudly demanded that the thief should be conducted to the guard-house and delivered to justice, when Eliza's maid, hastily running up, gave the studs to M. Destinval; she had found them wrapped in the cloth that they had put before the chimney of the cabinet whilst the little Savoyard was sweeping it, and which Eliza's curiosity had thrown down.

You may imagine what were the feelings of this young girl, upon recognizing with every one else the innocence of the little sweep, who, at this very moment, was imploring her pity. She fell almost fainting into her father's arms. The servants turned pale, sorry that they had so lightly believed an indiscreet girl. All the bystanders went away, saying that it was horrible thus to abuse innocence. The elder Savoyard did not know how to make his little comrade forget the blows with which he had overwhelmed him; and M. Destinval, showing Eliza the bruises with which the poor child was covered, said to her, —

"You see your work." "I shall know how to repair my fault," cried the young girl; "I wish to take care of this unfortunate one myself, and to cure him; and, if you permit it, my father, I will take him into my service, and he shall never leave me."

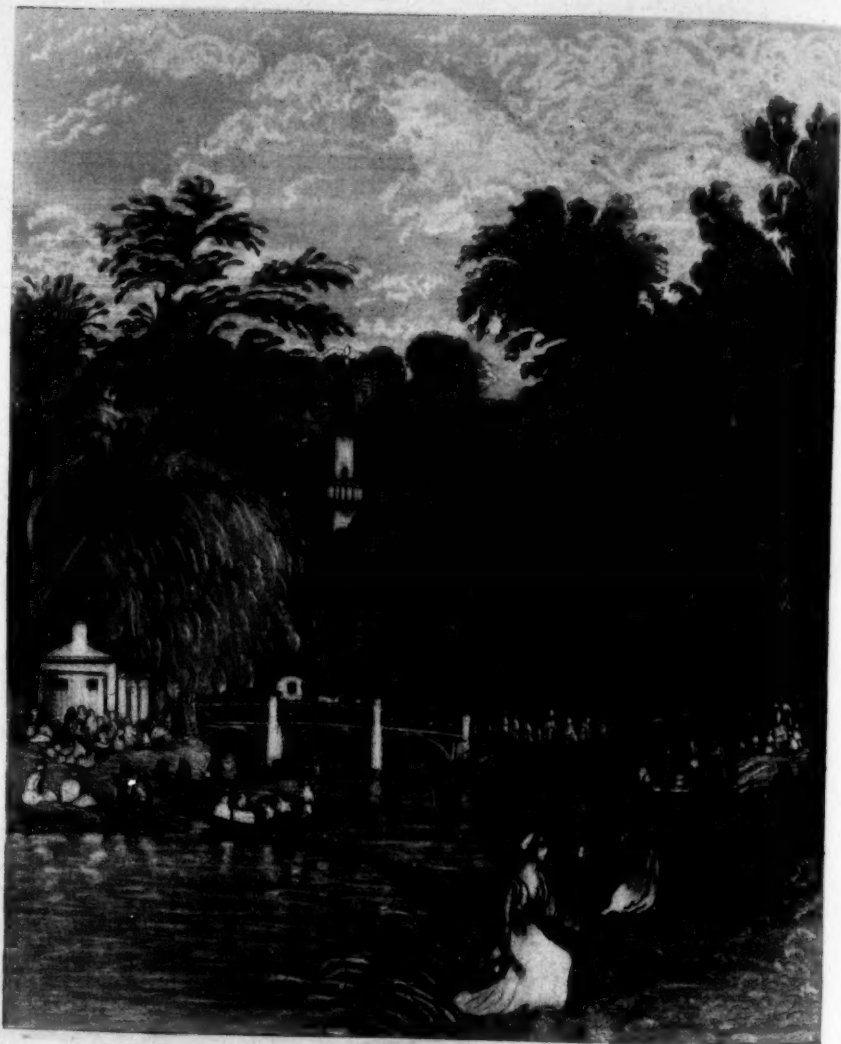
"I consent to it, my daughter," replied M. Destival. "May he remind you continually that the least word repeated, and badly interpreted, whatever may be the purity of our intentions, often produces the most terrible effects, and may cause us unhappiness for our whole lives."

C. D.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

A DEW-DROP, falling on the wild sea-wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"
But, in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew;
And happy, now the grave did magnify
Which thrust it forth — as it had feared, to die.
Until again "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean-bed;
Oh, unbelieving! for it came to gleam,
Chief jewel, in a monarch's diadem.

R. C. TRENCH.



THE VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.

THE MOTHER'S JEWEL.

THE moonbeams fall on the curtained bed,
 And gild the curls of the childish head ;
 And the childish eyes, with earnest gaze,
 Are fixed upon the diamond's blaze.

Does she dream of days when they shall deck,
 'Mid glittering crowds, her slender neck ?
 When joyous hours shall hasten by,
 In music, and dance, and revelry ?

No, no ! that face with its gentle smile
 Is yet undazzled by worldly guile ;
 The thoughts that visit that waking dream
 Are pure as the angels might beseem.

Far deeper than we can ever guess,
 Lie childhood's thoughts in their loveliness :
 It breathes them not on the outer air,
 Too bright for this earth of sin and care.

'Tis only when, in our after-years,
 Their memory comes back 'mid falling tears,
 We know that we unawares were blest, —
 The little heart held a heavenly guest.

So thought the mother : her fond eyes smiled
 At the earnest face of the silent child ;
 And all the hopes that were centred there,
 Were whispered by her in heartfelt prayer.

"Oh that the emblem, the holy cross,
May teach her to deem the jewels dross!
Saviour! thou who wast meek and mild,
Be with the heart of this cherished child.

Father! lead her through this world's maze;
Be thou the guide of her early days;
Be her best treasures laid up with thee, —
Wealth, not for time, but eternity!"

ED.

"I FORGOT IT."

(Concluded from page 165.)

"ELLEN dear," said her mother, one morning, "I am afraid little Willy is ill. You had better go round by Dr. Crosby's, and ask him to step over here as soon as possible."

"Yes, I will. Poor little darling! he doesn't look very well." Ellen left the house, and almost immediately met one of her companions, who entered into conversation with her on a subject very interesting to them. She passed the street which led to the physician's house without observing it, and walked on, until her companion said, "I don't think Julia will be at school for some time; she is so ill, she has the doctor."

"The doctor! Oh! I must go to Dr. Crosby's now." And off she went directly. "Is Dr. Crosby at home?" she asked of the servant who opened the door.

"No, miss; he has just gone out."

"Then will you tell him that Mrs. Layton wishes him to come and see the baby, as soon as he comes home?"

"Is Willy sick?" asked the pleasant voice of Mrs. Crosby, who now appeared.

"I don't know; mother is afraid he will be. I am so sorry the doctor is not at home."

"So am I, Ellen; and he has not been gone five minutes. He has gone over to the next town to see old Deacon Fisher. But don't look so sad, dear; Willy may not be very ill, and I will send the doctor over the instant he returns."

Ellen went back to school, rather heavy-hearted; but she forgot her anxiety, after a time, or quieted it with Mrs. Crosby's kindly suggestion, that Willy might not be very ill, after all. As she went into the house, on her return home, she met one of the younger children.

"Baby is very sick, Ellen; mamma says so."

"Has the doctor been here, Anna?"

"Yes; he has only just gone. And mamma is going to send Gustavus after Edith this afternoon."

Ellen hastened to her mother's chamber, with noiseless step. "What does Dr. Crosby say?" she asked eagerly.

"Oh! is that you, Ellen? I am glad you have come, for I need your help. He says Willy is very ill; he wishes he could have seen him some hours sooner. It was very unfortunate that you did not start a little earlier, for then you would have found him at home. You will have to stay from school, and take charge of the household duties. I shall send for Edith; and, if Anna and Louis are troublesome, you can let them go to Aunt Mary's for a few days. We must keep the

house as still as possible, and I know I may depend on you to do all you can."

"Oh yes, yes indeed. Poor little Willy! There isn't any — any danger, — is there, mother?"

"Dr. Crosby has not said so. There, — pray go and quiet Louis. Send him to his aunt's as soon as you please; Anna will be still if he is out of the way, and she can go for him and take him to school. Mother is here, darling," going to the child, who now began to moan and cry. "I leave all to you, Ellen, down stairs."

And Ellen, conscience-stricken and terrified, left the chamber. She was quite competent to the charge given her, and performed it well; saw that the household work went on as usual, that her father's comforts were attended to, that the children were regular and punctual at school; with Edith's assistance, kept Louis, an affectionate but noisy boy of five, out of mischief; made Anna, two years older, serviceable in various ways, and often relieved her mother by taking her place in the sick-room, while Willy slept, or the other children were at school. She seemed to forget nothing: how could she, when the fear lay heavy at her heart, that her forgetfulness of a few minutes might cause Willy's death? She had not told this to her mother; she dared not confess it, and she shrank from asking the physician's opinion. But, one day, Dr. Crosby walked into the parlor where Ellen sat.

"Miss Ellen," he said, laying his hand on Louis's head, "I am going to take this boy to my house. Mrs. Crosby wants a playfellow, and your mother is quite willing to spare him. No, sir, you can't go to your aunt Mary's, because she is coming here."

The child was willing enough to go, and Ellen sent him to Edith to be nicely dressed; then she asked in a faltering tone, —

"Will the baby die?"

Dr. Crosby noticed her pale face and anxious look, and pitied her exceedingly. "My dear Ellen, I cannot tell; Willy has a good constitution, and we will hope the best."

"Do you think, if you could have seen him sooner, he might not have been so sick?"

"It would have been better, my dear; but you must not let your mind dwell on that. I am not sure that any thing — that I could have done any more good if I had seen him sooner. Don't reproach yourself, Ellen; it was not your fault that I had gone out when you came. Ah! here is Master Louis, all ready to go. Good bye."

Aunt Mary came to assist Mrs. Layton in the care of the sick child; Dr. Crosby was unremitting in his attentions, and all that skill and affection could do was done to save the life of the precious little one. All was in vain; little Willy's happy blue eyes closed for ever, and the rosy lips that had but just begun to lisp a few words of love were silent. The children, who had never seen death before, were overpowered with grief; Gustavus, manly as he thought himself, cried bitterly over the pale form of his infant-brother; and Edith, who had tried to console her younger sister by telling her of Willy as an angel in heaven, gave up the attempt to speak, and sobbed aloud. But Ellen's grief was the deepest; she truly 'refused to be comforted;' and though her parents knew that she had been extremely fond of Willy, they were surprised at the excessive sorrow she manifested.

"My dear child," said Mr. Layton at last, "it is wrong to indulge in such violent grief. Sorry as we are to part with our little Willy, we ought not to unfit ourselves for our duties and injure our health; and we may be sure that our darling is happier far than he could have been here."

"Oh! it is not that, it is not that," sobbed Ellen, shrinking from the kind caress that accompanied her father's words. "I have been so wicked."

Mr. Layton looked at her in surprise, fearing that her mind was wandering. "You have done all you could, my love," he said gently. "And we are grateful to you for your care and thoughtfulness during these sad weeks."

"Don't, father, don't! I cannot bear it! If you knew, you would hate me almost, instead of loving and praising me. I never dared to tell mamma; but it was—it was my fault that Willy died."

"Your fault? What do you mean?"

"Dr. Crosby said, that, if he had seen Willy sooner, he might perhaps have saved him. And I—I did not go directly there, when mamma sent me. I forgot it for a few minutes, only a very few minutes; but that made me too late: the doctor had just gone. O papa! I shall never forgive myself, never!" And again she wept most bitterly.

"My poor Ellen!" It was all Mr. Layton could say; but he drew her closer to him with the deepest pity. Surprised at the act, and the tone of compassion, she ventured to look up in his face. "Can you ever forgive me?" she whispered.

"I have nothing to forgive, my poor child," he an-

swered. "I am not sure that any skill could have saved the life of our darling; though it is possible that much suffering might have been spared him, had medical aid come sooner. If God has permitted so slight a fault of yours to be followed by such sad consequences, it is in love, not anger, that you may be taught vigilantly to guard yourself. You need not fear that we shall love you less; and perhaps the time may come, when seeing that this sad lesson was needed for the perfecting of your character, — and ours, — we shall even learn to rejoice that our Father in heaven called Willy home to him. Trust in him, Ellen, pray to him; and happiness for us all shall yet spring from this heavy sorrow."

Mr. Layton was right; the lesson Ellen then received she never forgot; the very love and pity which her parents showed towards her, contributed to deepen the impression. She became, in time, all that they could have wished; and though the tears would come to her eyes, and her heart would throb with grief at the thought of the little one gone from earth, the remembrance always served as an incentive to renewed watchfulness and deeper humility.

A. A.

A DAY AT MESSRS. BROOKS'S COTTON MILL,
AT MELTHAM MILLS.

ABOUT five miles from Huddersfield, in a valley at the foot of the backbone mountains of England, stand the Meltham Cotton Mills, the village of Meltham being half a mile higher up; upon the very edge of the wild

moorlands which stretch, with little interruption, from thence into North Britain. The scenery in the immediate neighborhood of the mills is very varied, and presents many features of woodland beauty, which are heightened by the contrast of the black and savage moors which come sweeping down to them from the neighboring hills. The valley is well cultivated, blooming with corn-fields and rich pastures, and made merry with babbling brooks and the song of birds. Large tracts of country round about the mills, and, indeed, for many miles round Huddersfield, have been reclaimed within the last sixty years. Manufacturing enterprise has changed the entire face of the country, and seated its large human population upon lands formerly covered with bog and heather, and inhabited only by grouse, and the weird fires over which Will-o'-the-Wisp presided as king. Factories have sprung up, outrivalling the stories of eastern palaces, and oriental splendors which many of us loved to read in our youthful days; factories, shooting up skyward, lighted by innumerable windows, range above range, and containing within them wonders such as the eastern world never dreamed of in its wildest flights of fancy; machinery doing the work of men without hands or feet, making broad cloths and cotton fabrics, silk and fancy goods, to clothe naked backs in all quarters of the globe, whilst thousands of men, women, and children have little else to do but superintend its operations.

Nearly the whole of the population of the village of Meltham and its environs is employed in the Meltham Mills. These mills consist of an enormous pile of buildings, which stretch their huge length along the valley, and have a very imposing appearance as you come sud-

denly down upon them from the "Isle of Skye," and those vast moorlands, before alluded to, which lie on the plateaux of the adjacent hills. There is nothing flimsy and weak about them; all is solid and massy, as if they were erected, like the old Saxon castles, to endure for ages. One magnificent chimney shoots up in the foreground high above them, the top of which is visible at a great distance. A beautiful church, founded and endowed by James Brook, Esq., deceased, who was one of the most gentle and beneficent of men, stands on the sloop of a hill as you enter the village, not far from the noble hall, and almost within the precincts of the park, where one of the proprietors of the mills resides. The parsonage-house, surrounded by trees, and overlooking the valley, is situated within a short distance of the church, and a handsome school-house not far off, — where the children belonging to the mills are educated, — complete the external features of Meltham Mills and the neighborhood.

We will now conduct the reader through the mills themselves; and that he may have as clear an idea as we can convey of the process which the raw cotton undergoes before it is finished on the spools, we will commence at the Cotton Store, that is, the room where the cotton is stowed in bales as it comes from the plantations. We will then follow it through all the stages of manufacture until the process is completed.

Imagine, then, a large room, in the lower part of the mill, filled with these long and tightly packed bales, the growths of the southern states of America, of the West Indies, and of romantic Egypt. In those remote regions, sundered by prodigious distances, hundreds of

slaves have toiled under burning suns to produce this cotton, that hundreds of freeborn men might convert it into threads at Meltham Mills! And here it is at last stowed carefully away for this purpose, after witnessing many painful scenes where it was grown, and enduring many stormy tossings during its voyage, which, if all could be written in detail, would make the cotton manufacture the saddest of histories. Let us examine, however, some of the bales, and think as little as possible of their antecedents. See here is a specimen. Take hold of it, and pull it to pieces. How full of dirt, chips, and gins, is the whole batch! It seems impossible ever to convert it into twist fit for the delicate fingers of a fair lady to handle; and yet I have no doubt it can and will be done, — we shall see by what process hereafter. In the meanwhile let us try another bale. Here is a handful of what is called "Sea Island Cotton;" and what a contrast it presents to the other! Mark how beautifully white it is, and how fine, long, and silky is the fibre. This is the prince of all cottons, and the material which is chiefly used in the mills. You see, however, that it is not free from many admixtures of dirt and chips; and now we will witness, in another room, the process by which it is cleaned.

Observe that curious machine, which those men and boys are feeding with the dirty cotton; samples of which we have just seen. It contains two eight scutchers, or blades, which revolve sixteen hundred times per minute; and the cotton is fed into these, and held fast by two pair of rollers, the blades striking against it at such a distance as enables them to open up the cotton, and separate the larger chips and foreign substances which are mixed with its fibres, and these fall to the bottom of

the machine; the cotton, thus partially freed from its encumbrances, is now carried forward to another roller, and undergoes a further cleansing, until it is finally driven down into a great basket at the end of the machine, and carried off to receive a more complete and satisfactory dressing. This is the first process in the manufacture. And now mark, that, although vast quantities of this dirty, dusty cotton are constantly subject to this operation of cleaning, there is neither dust nor dirt in the room. The air is quite clear and healthy. Where, then, does the refuse go? By a very simple and beautiful contrivance, it is all driven up a pair of tunnels, running from the machine into a cylinder placed in the roof, and is carried thence into a chimney outside the building. This is effected by means of a very ingenious contrivance of fans, which has saved many thousands from premature graves; the process of cotton-dressing being formerly as inimical to human life as the trade of the Sheffield grinders.

Let us now go to another machine, and witness the second process of cleaning, which consists in taking out all the small nips and shorts from the long cotton. This operation is performed pretty much in the same manner as the former; the cotton being fed in by rollers, and placed upon the huge cylinders or combs, by a series of cylindrical brushes: the combs are then carried round one by one, and brought under the action of a *beater*, holding fast all the long fibres, whilst the *beater* frees them from the shorts, when they are stripped off on the other side, to be ready for further use. This machine answers the same purpose as the *combing machine* used for wool.

(To be continued.)

HASTY WORDS.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

"OH! Tom, you careless fellow! Look at my clean muslin dress." And Caroline Benson held up to the eyes of her brother the hem of her dress, on which was the impress of his muddy foot. "That's too bad," she continued in great vexation; "now I must go and wash it out myself, for that salt-water mud always stains unless it is removed directly."

"Now get mad, Carrie," retorted her brother, "and that'll help the matter! If girls will have their dresses on the carpet, they must expect they will be trodden on. Such a fuss as you always make. There's not a moment's peace where you are."

Carrie had heard but the first part of the speech. She had reached her own room, and, opening the door, saw her sister Mary at the looking-glass, adorning herself with a very pretty necklace of sea-weed berries, which belonged to Carrie, and was much valued by her. She was in no very patient mood when she entered, and the sight of Mary by no means increased her good temper. "Were there ever such provoking children?" she exclaimed. "Mary, how many times must I tell you never to go to my drawers? And, above all, you have taken my sea-weed necklace, which I told you never to touch." And she pulled it from Mary's hand, and shut it up in the drawer.

"What harm could I do to your necklace, Carrie? I

should not have worn it down stairs. I was only looking at it, and wishing I had one like it."

"I do not like to have you go to my drawers, and you are a covetous little thing. I shall have to lock the chamber-door, and keep the key in my pocket, if you do so."

Mary left the room, and Carrie washed away at the spot, which began to disappear; but she was painfully conscious, as the silence gave her room for reflection, of another spot, a deeper stain, on a garment once fairer than her muslin dress, and she sighed deeply; but the present necessity of drying the dress, and restoring it to smoothness with a warm flat-iron, occupied her attention: so the reflection upon her own hastiness was but a passing thought.

If you drop a pebble into the water, it makes a little circling wave round the spot; and these circles grow larger, and, at length, spread over a wide surface. So it often is with a hasty word. Let us see the circles that Carrie's made.

Tom went out of the house to play. He was decidedly cross. He knew he was very careless when he trod on Carrie's dress, and that made him more cross. He met two of his schoolmates, who proposed to him a game of marbles, and thought the broad flag-stone which formed the upper landing-place of the school-house steps would be the best place for their play. Tom agreed. They had not played long, however, before William Johnson claimed a marble belonging to Tom, which he said he had hit. Tom denied it; and, being very cross, he endeavored to get it from William by main force. Their play-ground was, as we have said, at the top of a high flight of stone

steps; and, in the struggle, Tom, who was nearest them, fell, and dragged William with him from the top to the bottom.

Henry screamed aloud, thinking them both killed. He was confirmed in his belief that William was dead, when he reached him, as he was very pale, and lay with his eyes shut, and uttered no sound. Tom was writhing and moaning in great apparent distress. Henry's scream alarmed some of the neighbors, who hastened to the spot, and, to his great relief, pronounced William only stunned, and ordered Henry to bring a pail-full of water to dash in his playmate's face. In the meantime, they began to examine Tom. "Oh!" groaned he, "I believe my leg is broken. I cannot stand. Oh! how it pains me!"

"Here is Dr. Norris," said one: "he will know if it is broken;" and, while the doctor was feeling of the limb, the others had the satisfaction of seeing William open his eyes, and of hearing him speak.

"Is Tom's leg broken?" asked Henry anxiously, turning to the doctor.

"No. Ah! here is the trouble," he added, as he touched Tom's ankle, and the boy shrieked with pain. "He has sprained his ankle. It is wonderful he did not break his leg. But he cannot walk, and William must be taken home too."

A man was passing by in a carryall, who kindly offered to take both boys home. Tom was in great distress. At every jolt of the vehicle, he uttered a cry of pain. His father — for it was nearly dinner-time — came to the door when he heard the noise of wheels; and, when the doctor stepped out, and told him of the acci-

dent, he lifted the poor child carefully in his arms, and laid him on the sofa in the parlor.

"I don't understand now, Tom, how you could fall. You must have been very careless," said his father, when proper applications had been made to the limb, and Tom was for a moment tranquil.

Tom explained, and told the truth. "But," added he, "I went out cross; for Carrie had been scolding me for soiling her dress."

Carrie, who had just heard of the accident, and had come to see if she could be useful, entered as these words were said. They were a keen reproach to her; and she went hastily back to her own chamber, without seeing her brother.

Tom spent a weary and painful month confined to the sofa; and every groan, or expression of fatigue, was like a sting to Caroline.

We return to Mary, who had left her sister's chamber with her feelings excited and irritated. She was aware that Carrie disliked to have her property displaced, or used by others without her leave; but still she thought, "Carrie needn't have been so cross. She called me *covetous* too."

Mary went into the nursery. The baby was asleep; and the nurse, the moment the door opened, said, "Don't make a noise, Miss Mary." Mary turned, and went into her mother's chamber, saying to herself, "I wonder if there is *any* place where I shan't be scolded." No one was in the room, and she sat down by the open window; but the beauty of the quiet June noon did not enter her heart. There were still rankling Carrie's hasty words.

Mrs. Benson entered unperceived; and, after sitting quietly for some minutes, she asked Mary to wind a skein of silk for her. Mary took the skein. It was slightly tangled, and she pulled impatiently, first at one end and then at the other, till there seemed to be no way of winding it.

"Be patient, Mary," said her mother. "If you do not get fretted and angry, the silk will become smooth." Mary made no answer, but only twitched the end she held in her hand harder than ever; and, to her mother's second remonstrance, she made an impertinent reply. The moment the words had passed her lips, she was sorry for them; but it was too late to recall them. Her mother rose, and took the silk quietly from her hand, and began to wind it herself.

Mary sat down again by the window; and, in spite of her efforts not to think of the wrong she had done, her conscience would accuse her. She had formerly very often been impertinent to those older than herself, and who should have commanded her respect; and she had struggled much against the sinful habit, and had at length, as she thought, almost conquered it; but, alas! she had again yielded to temptation, and she felt that she had done wrong, though she was too proud to acknowledge it.

At last, however, she made a great effort, and said, "Mother, I'm sorry I was angry, and spoke impertinently to you. Will you forgive me?"

"I can forgive you the pain you have caused me, but can you forgive yourself? You had no reason to be angry. I hoped you had overcome your quick temper sufficiently to wind a skein of silk without being in a passion."

"I was not cross about that only. I should not have minded that at all, if I had not been cross at first. But Carrie scolded me, and told me I was *covetous*, because I put on her necklace; and then I went into the nursery, and nurse was shaking her finger, and telling me to be quiet, and there seemed to be no place for me in the house."

"Carrie called you covetous?"

"Yes'm. I suppose she thought I wanted her necklace; but I only want one like it. I should be very sorry if she were to lose hers; and I would not take it from her for a gift, even if she were willing to part with it."

"Just then, Mr. Benson called his wife; and, for the next half-hour, Mrs. Benson was engaged in rendering poor Tom comfortable. When, however, she heard him say that Carrie's angry words had kindled in him an angry spirit, and remembered Mary's conversation with her, she determined to seek Carrie, and to talk to her.

Constant attention to the suffering boy rendered the fulfilment of her purpose impossible until night, when, just before she retired, she opened the door of Carrie's room and entered. Carrie was still up, kneeling by the open window, and gazing out upon the cloudless heavens. She started when her mother entered, and sprang up.

"Is Tom worse?"

"No, dear; but I want to talk with you. You have been hasty to-day, both with Tom and Mary. You heard what Tom told your father, and you know that this pain might perhaps have been spared him had you not spoken crossly to him."

"O mother! *don't* say any more."

"I must, Carrie. You were cross to Mary, and have led her into the commission of sin. She has been impertinent to me again, and has let her evil passions gain a victory over her. For that, she alone is responsible; but you kindled the flame. Are you not to blame for that? Think of it, my child; and do not rest to-night till you have resolved to speak gently, and to bear patiently with the younger children. God has, from your position as eldest, given you great influence. How has it been exerted to-day? Good-night, my dear. I hope those tears are tokens of a true repentance."

"That was a blessed accident which befell Tom," said Mrs. Benson to her husband, six months after. "Carrie has never, in my hearing, said a hasty word since; and the children never complain of her now. It has completely cured her; and I am sure we are all more than repaid, by our increased harmony, for the anxiety we felt on his account."

"And I'm sure I'm repaid," said Tom, who had entered unobserved; "for she is the best sister in the whole world."

Reader! will you not, without such severe teaching, try to "*spea*k gently"? ED.

READING AND THINKING. — Always have a book or a paper within your reach, which you may catch up at your odd minutes. Resolve to edge in a little reading every day; it will be felt at the end of the year. Thoughts take up no room. When they are right, they afford a portable pleasure, with which one may travel or labor without any trouble or incumbrance. — *Selected.*

THE SEA-ANEMONE.

GIVE me back, give me back, to the washing wave,
To my home on the firm-set rock ;
Let the salt sea again this bosom lave,
Ye have rent from the parent stock.

They will miss me — the things that go gliding by
With silent and busy fin ;
O'er the spot with a moan will the green waves die,
Where the flower of the sea hath been.

Ye have torn me away from the cliff that I decked
With idle and ruthless hand ;
And now, 'neath the curious eye, ye expect
Me to bloom like a bud of the land.

Oh! the rude rock alone I was made to adorn,
And to joy in the touch of the sea ;
Nor must he, who my beauty would study, e'er scorn
A wanderer by ocean to be.

And lessons — deep lessons — that rover may learn,
As he bends o'er the green wave to me,
And thoughts shall arise to make his soul burn
At the wonders deep hid in the sea.

Ye may pluck the bright flowers that bloom in the field,
But a life and a sense are dwelling in me ;
Yet I may not the tale of my mystery yield
Give me back, give me back, to the sea !

The sunshine is torture, — the keen air a pang, —

It profits ye not to gaze and to touch ;

I hear from afar the sea-bird's clang,

I will close up and die — ye have wronged me much.

L. J. H.

HOW CHILDREN MAY COME TO JESUS.

THE Lord Jesus Christ long since ascended up into heaven ; how, then, can children now come to him ? You must come by faith, that is, you must believe all that the Bible tells you of Christ. When he says he is waiting to bless you, you must believe it as much as if you could see him smiling tenderly, and reaching out his hand to place it on your head. When he tells you that he is willing to hear and answer your prayers ; that he will receive you as his children, and sanctify you by his Spirit, — you must believe it, knowing that he will hear and answer. When he assures you that he will be the guide of your youth, and that he will never leave nor forsake you, you must believe it as much as if you saw a thousand angels defending you from danger, and watching over you by day and night. Without trusting in Christ, you can receive no answer to prayer, no forgiveness of sins, no support in a dying hour, no admission into heaven.

But I will try to make this plainer by relating a beautiful incident, which some of you may have already read. A minister of the gospel had gone by a trap-door into his cellar, which in winter was quite dark. A little

daughter, only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door; but, on looking down, all was dark, and she called, "Are you down cellar, papa?" "Yes; would you like to come, Mary?" "It is dark, I can't come down, papa." "Well, my daughter, I am below you, and I can see you, though you cannot see me; and, if you will drop yourself, I will catch you." "Oh, I shall fall; I can't see you papa." "I know it," he answered; "but I am really here, and you shall not fall or hurt yourself. If you will jump, I will catch you safely." Little Mary hesitated, and then advanced a little further; then, summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms. So Jesus is now saying unto you, "Come unto me." Will you not come? will you not give him your hearts, and trust him for life and for death? — *Child's Paper.*

THE HISTORY OF A DAY. — FROM A LITTLE
GIRL'S DIARY.

BEFORE I rose yesterday, I read for about half an hour in my Bible. Mother advised me to read a little in it every morning; and I find it a great help in giving me good thoughts, and in getting myself into a good frame of mind for beginning the day. While I was dressing, I thought over what I had read, repeated hymns to myself, and formed good resolutions. I felt full of thankfulness to God for his goodness to me, and I determined to try hard to please him through the day. I resolved

not to be irritable or unkind to my brother and sisters, but to do all I could to make them happy. I determined to do all I could for others ; not to live for myself alone, but to give up my own pleasures and plans to help those around me.

When I went into the nursery to ask Jane to fasten my dress, I found she had gone to breakfast. Susy and Nelly were on the bed ; Susy dressing herself, or rather not doing so, for she was more intent upon getting her doll away from Nelly, who was holding one end of it, and screaming violently. As soon as I came in, they began to appeal to me.

"Nelly won't give me my doll. Let go, Nelly!" And Susy twitched the doll suddenly away, hurting Nelly's hand, who began to cry. Forgetting my resolves not to be hasty and irritable, I exclaimed, —

"How you quarrel ! I should think, Susy, you would be ashamed ; a great girl like you to be always disputing with Nelly."

"I am not going to let her break my doll, whatever you think ! And you always take part against me," Susy answered.

I was just going to make an angry reply, when I recollected my good resolutions, and I was ashamed to think that I had forgotten them so soon. "I didn't mean to be impatient, Susy," I said ; "but why can't you let her have the doll ? She won't hurt it."

"Perhaps I should have let her had it, if she hadn't made such a fuss ; but she don't deserve it now," and Susy began to put her doll away, at which Nelly cried louder than before.

After a little talking, however, I persuaded Susy to

lend it; and she admitted that little four-year-old Nelly was too young to know better than to cry. I always find Susy pleasant and reasonable when I speak gently to her. What a pity it is that I do not always do so!

I do not remember any thing else worth writing, until I sat down to look over my lessons, before going to school. While I was busy with them, Nelly came to ask me to lend her a pencil. I was just going to say that I was busy, and she must go away, when I remembered it would be kind to get her one; so I went up stairs and got mine for her, and then studied the harder to make up for lost time. But, a few minutes after, Susy came to ask me to explain something in her lesson. I was just proving a long sum, and nodded to her not to interrupt me. I suppose she didn't understand; for she kept pressing me to answer, and finally put her book upon the slate before me.

"There!" I exclaimed. "How provoking you are! Why couldn't you wait a moment? Now I have got to do all this over again!"

"You needn't be so cross about it, if you have. You know I didn't mean to," Susy answered.

Her saying I was cross made me more so; I made some angry reply, and left the room. At first, I said to myself that it was all Susy's fault; but, when I thought it over, I saw how impatient and irritable I had been; I asked God to pardon me, and to help me to do better. Perhaps I ought to have told Susy that I was sorry for speaking so crossly to her; but, when I went down stairs, she seemed to have forgotten all about it, and I thought it not worth while to say more about the subject.

While at school, I had several temptations, some of which I resisted, but gave way to others. When I first went in, I felt very lazy, and unlike studying; but I strove against that, and said all but one of my lessons well; and it was Anne Varney's fault, I think, that I said that one badly. She kept whispering to me, and wouldn't let me study. I felt very impatient with her; but I remembered just in time to control my quick temper. I asked her, as pleasantly as I could, not to interrupt me; and at last, after asking her several times, she stopped talking to me, and turned to Fanny Macy instead. But she had delayed me so much, that, when the class was called, I was not prepared, and Miss Green said I must get my lesson over again. I felt that it was all Anne Varney's fault that I had had a bad lesson, and should have a bad mark, when I had been trying so hard all the week not to have one. I felt so cross, that, when Anne began whispering to me again, I told her to be quiet, and not make me have another bad lesson. That silenced her; but I felt I had done wrong in speaking so to her. I ought to have taken back what I said, but I didn't. I am sorry now; for I know, that, in giving way to such cross feelings, I did worse than Anne.

After school, the girls that stayed went to play outside the school-house, as it was too early to eat dinner yet. Some of them wanted to play "Mamma and naughty children;" but a few wished something else. I proposed "Hide and go seek," adding that I was tired of playing the silly old Mamma. Some of the girls were thinking of playing what I asked, when Anne Varney, who wanted the other, said it was only from a spirit of contradiction that I did not want to do what they did;

adding that I had been "awful cross" the whole morning.

"You are not telling the truth!" I exclaimed. "I only spoke crossly to you once, and then you deserved it."

"She answered back, and I replied. Some of the girls, in haste to get to their play, told me impatiently, either to come and play with them, or else play alone; but not to delay them any longer. On this, I said that they all took part against me, and I wouldn't play with them at all; so I went back to the school-house.

Oh! it seems as if my good thoughts always come too late. As I stood looking out upon the girls playing under the trees, the good resolutions that I had made in the morning came suddenly to my remembrance. I remembered how full of love and gratitude to God I had been; and how I had determined to try and please him, by being kind and forbearing to those around me, as he had been to me. And now I had forgotten my resolutions, and given way to angry, revengeful feelings, instead of overcoming evil with good. I knelt down, and prayed to God to forgive me, and to give me more of Christ's loving, forbearing spirit, and to help me to be more like him than I had been, through the remainder of the day.

When the girls came in, they did not at first take much notice of me, thinking I might still be "cross;" but I spoke pleasantly to them, and particularly so to Anne, so they saw that I had overcome that feeling. When we sat down to dinner, seeing that Anne had not brought as good a dinner as the rest, I gave her a piece of my pie; and that made us good friends again. After dinner, we had some fine fun. I offered to play

"Naughty children," and we really had a good time. Afterwards, we tried to play "Blind man's buff;" but, after knocking down two desks, and upsetting an ink-bottle, we concluded that the school-house was not the place for it. After afternoon-school, I went to the house of one of the girls to borrow a book, and then went home. I sat down immediately to read, but was interrupted by Susy, who was sitting by the window, drawing strange-looking creatures that she called horses; she asked me to draw some animals for her to copy. "Here is an opportunity of giving up my own pleasure to please her," I thought. So I put down my book, and drew her some pictures, and showed her how to copy them.

"There, that one is quite well done, almost as good as I could do," said I.

Henry came into the room just then, and heard me. "Why, you don't say so? Do you actually mean that she comes so near perfection as to approach the imitable Molly?" said he.

"Yes, she does; and you needn't laugh, Henry," replied I.

"Let me see these wonderful productions. Why, really that hog is very well done," said he, looking at a horse that I had just finished. And so he went on, calling every picture by a wrong name, and then altering it until it was spoiled. "Well, really, you draw very well," concluded he, as he left the room; "quite well for a little girl of eight years old" (he knows that I am twelve).

I think he was very provoking to laugh at my drawings so, and then to spoil them; and I could only prevent Susy from crying by promising to make her some

more. I wonder what does make boys so fond of plaguing their sisters. I think, however, I kept my temper *pretty* well.

I was going to read my book, when mother asked me to go on an errand for her; and, when I got home, I found Henry had the book, and was deeply absorbed in it. I wanted it very much, and had walked a long distance to borrow it. But, after a little thought, I determined to be obliging, and let him have it. I thought of my resolution to give up my own pleasures to please others, when I had opportunity: so I told Henry that he might have the book, and I soon found another to interest me.

I think yesterday was a pretty good day; but only *pretty* good. My quick temper is my great trial, and what I must particularly try to overcome. I do not think, though, that I am quite so quick-tempered as I used to be; and I will try very hard, until I have entirely conquered it. Oh, I wonder if I shall ever be as good as Mrs. Ware was!

MARY.

ROSA GORONA.

THE following interesting life of Rosa Gorona, we take, with a few slight alterations, from Julia Kavanagh's *Women of Christianity*.

On the northern side of the Ligurian Apennines, in the basin formed by the upper Panaro, extends the district of Mandoir, a province of the Sardinian states. Surrounded by a fertile tract of land, rich in corn, vines, mulberry-trees, and cattle, rises the chief town, Mondoir.

It is built partly on the bank of the Ellero, partly on a hill which rises above the river.

In this quiet place, there lived, in the course of the last century, a young orphan girl, of the name of Rosa Gorona. She excelled in needle-work, her only means of support; she never cared for pleasure, and thought not of marriage; grave, mild, and silent, she lived alone, in the dignity of labor and the honor of womanhood.

Towards the year 1746, Rosa, being then in her thirtieth year, happened to meet a young girl, an orphan like herself, who was destitute, and without the means of earning a livelihood. She took home the young stranger; and, addressing her in language of scriptural simplicity, — "Here," said she, pointing to her humble dwelling, "here shalt thou abide with me; thou shalt sleep in my bed, thou shalt drink from my cup, and thou shalt live by the labor of thine own hands. This last clause, comprising independence and self-respect, was one of the most cherished points in the creed of Rosa. Pleased with the docility and industry of her young guest, she conceived the project of a female association, based on the principles of labor and mutual aid. Ere long, the girl of Mondoïr was surrounded by a society of young and unprotected single women, who dwelt beneath the same roof, and labored diligently for their livelihood.

So novel an establishment in Mondoïr was at first warmly attacked; but the prudent silence of Rosa and her companions, and above all their blameless life, at length prevailed over calumny, and they were to live and labor in peace. Nay, more: the authorities of Mondoïr at length offered Rose, whose abode had now grown too

narrow, a house in the plains of Carcassona. This she readily accepted, and was soon surrounded by seventy young girls. She obtained another and larger house in the plain of Brao; but, extending her views with her means, Rosa no longer confined the labors of her friends to the common tasks of needle-work: the house of Brao became a real factory for the manufacture of woollen stuffs. Five years had now passed away since Rosa first took home the orphan-girl. She might well have rested satisfied with what she had done; but, consulting only her zeal and anxious wish of spreading the good efforts of her system, she set off for Turin in the year 1755.

Rosa Gorona entered the capital of Piedmont with no other protection than her own strong faith, and no higher accommodation than the two or three young girls who accompanied her. She simply explained her project, and asked for an asylum. The fathers of the oratory of St. Philip gave her a few rooms for the "love of God," and the military posts sent her letters and straw mattresses. Rosa and her companions were quite satisfied, and established themselves in their new abode, they cheerfully set to work.

The fact became known, and attracted attention. On the suggestion of his financial minister, Count of Gregory, Charles Emanuel III. assigned to Rosa and her companions huge buildings, belonging to a religious brotherhood recently suppressed. The house was soon filled with forsaken orphan-girls. The king read and approved the judicious rules laid down by Rosa, and ordered the factories of the establishment to be organized and registered by the magistrates appointed to superintend commercial matters. From that time, the Rosinas, as

they were called in honor of their foundress, enjoyed the special patronage of the Sardinian government.

Rosa Gorona felt deeply grateful for the favor her plans had received from the king. Knowing that the most effectual method of showing her gratitude would be to continue as she had begun, and to contribute to the commercial and moral prosperity of his dominions, she established in Turin two factories; one, of cloth for the army; and another, of the best silks and ribbons. Thanks to her, three hundred women without dowry, without any resource save their own labor, earned an honest and comfortable livelihood, and provided in youth for the wants of their old age. Houses depending on that of Turin were established at Norazza, Fossano, Savigliano, Salusso, Chieri, and St. Damian of Aeti. Over the entrance of every house which she founded, Rosa caused to be engraved the words she had addressed to her first guest, — “*Tu mangerai col lavoro delle tue mani*,” — Thou shalt live by the labor of thine own hands.

Rosa devoted twenty-one years to the task of going over the premises of Piedmont, and founding asylums for the unprotected and industrious poor of her sex; until, exhausted by her labors, she died at Turin. Her remains were deposited in the chapel of the establishment here. On the simple monument which covers them may still be read the following epitaph: “Here lies Rosa Gorona, of London. From her youth, she consecrated herself to God. For his glory she founded in her native place, and in other towns, retreats open to forsaken young girls, so that they might serve God; she gave them excellent regulations, which attach them to piety and labor. During an administration of thirty years, she gave con-

stant proofs of admirable charity and of unshaken firmness. She entered on eternal life on the 28th day of February, of the year 1776, the sixtieth of her age. Grateful daughters have raised this monument to their mother and benefactress."

But little is told of Rosa Gorona personally : we know more what she did than what she was. She appears to us through her good works ; thoughtful, silent, and ever-doing ; a serious and beneficent apparition. In aspect she was grave, earnest, and resolute. A plain cap, a white kerchief, a cross on her bosom, and a brown robe, constituted the attire of the foundress of the Rosinas. One of her biographers calls her sister Rosa ; but it does not appear that she took any vows, or sought to impose any on her community. The Rosinas are bound by no tie: they can leave their abode, and marry if they wish ; but they rarely do so. There will always be a certain number of women whose circumstances or private inclination will cause to remain unmarried. Rosa Gorona was one of these ; and for them she labored. She wished to shut them from vice, idleness, and poverty ; to present to them unsullied the noblest inheritance of human beings, — dignity and self-respect.

According to an interesting account published in Paris a few years ago, the Rosinas are still in a prosperous and happy state ; they are admitted from thirteen to twenty ; they must be wholly destitute, healthy, active, and both able and willing to work. They are patronized by government ; but labor is their only income : all work, assiduously, save the old, who are supported by the younger companions.

The labors of the Rosinas are varied and complete ;

whatever they manufacture, they do with their own hands from beginning to end; they buy the cocoons in spring, and perform every one of the delicate operations which silk undergoes, before it is finally woven into gros-denaples, levantines, and ribbons. Their silks are of the best quality, but plain, in order to avoid the expense and inconvenience of changing their looms with every caprice of fashion. They also fabricate linen; but only a limited number of Rosinas can undergo the fatigue of weaving: their profits are moderate, but sufficient. The house in Turin alone spends eighty thousand francs a year, and it holds three hundred women; of whom, fifty who are either old or infirm, and consequently unable to work, are supported by the rest.

One woman, poor, obscure, and unlearned, but strong in her own faith, and, above all, in her love for her orphan sisters, accomplished all this. — *S. S. Gazette.*

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS."

FEW children, perhaps, think, when they are idle, that they are disobeying a command of the apostle Paul. Yet so it is. Paul tells us we must not be slothful in business; and ah! how much slothfulness do we every day see among children. A child is sent to carry a message, or to buy some article needed in the house; and, instead of going directly, and returning as quickly as possible, he meets a friend and lingers to talk with him, or to see or exhibit some new toy. He does not think he is doing *much* wrong, and wonders that his mother should

find fault with him. He does not see, as she does, that a habit of idleness will destroy his usefulness, and make his life a burden to others, instead of an aid and a blessing.

Another child sits idle in school. She gazes round the room. She looks at her companions to see what they are doing, or she opens her desk and spends a few moments in changing the position of her books, and thinks that she does not feel like studying. She perhaps wonders why her teacher happens to see her just at that moment, and does not think she ought to be punished just because she did not happen to be studying.

Ah, children ! life seems to you now very long, and you do not consider that its golden moments are flying away from you. You do not consider that now you should lay up the stores of wisdom and goodness, which, in after-years, you will be called upon to impart. A few more summers and winters, and time will seem very precious to you. You will find that you have none to waste. Occupations will press upon you, cares will multiply, and you will wish for the hours you have wasted.

We would not be understood to object to your plays — far otherwise. A child who does not play is but half a child. And here, again, some children are slothful in play. They do not join in the race or the jump, and return to their duties with the same listlessness as they manifested in their play. Play with all your might. Rest your minds by the exercise of your bodies ; and, when they are weary, let your minds work again.

The apostle says in another place, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Be diligent and faithful in every thing. God has given us all this

great blessing—time. He is constantly giving it. Each minute is a new gift, fresh from his almighty hand. Should some kind friend give us every day a valuable gift, think you we should say, "We have had so many of these presents, that we will throw some away"? You all laugh, and say that no one would be so foolish as that. Yet we are every day as foolish and more wicked. Every moment that our heavenly Father bestows upon us is more precious than all the wealth we could enjoy, and we are very ungrateful when we throw away the priceless gifts.

Let us, then, endeavor to devote every moment to some useful purpose, and remember that the moments make the days,—the days that are hurrying past, and must soon, at the farthest, bring us into the more immediate presence of God. And may the prayer of the Psalmist be constantly on our lips: "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

ED.

THE VALLEY OF SWEET WATERS.

THIS valley, which our engraving represents, is the great place of resort for the inhabitants of Constantinople. It is delightfully situated, near the Sea of Marmora; and on Friday, the Mahometan day of rest, the water is covered with fleets of little Turkish boats, containing the multitudes who are thronging to this lovely spot.

ED.

SYRACUSE AND ITS SALT WORKS.

ON our journey to Niagara last summer, we rested for the night at this flourishing town of Central New York; and, as the cars did not leave till afternoon of the next day, we determined to devote the forenoon to seeing the Salt Works, of which we had all heard, and which we were very desirous to see.

A few moments' drive from our hotel brought us within quarter of a mile of a very pretty little lake, not, as we like to fancy lakes, set in the midst of hills, but in a large plain, with here and there a scattered tree.

The Salt Springs, which have caused the growth of this town, are close beside this sheet of fresh water, and, from the quantity of salt manufactured, must, we should think, be inexhaustible. The water is pumped from them into a large reservoir, and we first went into the pump-room. Here are two large wheels, of five or six feet in diameter, and turned by water-power. These move two immense pistons, or shafts, by means of which the salt water is pumped up into troughs, which convey it to the reservoir. We tasted the water, and found it extremely disagreeable.

After ascending a high flight of steps, and peeping into the receptacle, we went to the evaporating room. This is a building of about sixty feet in length, and twenty in width. There are two platforms in the centre, of a foot and a half in height, with a narrow passage between, running nearly the whole length of the building. Set in these platforms, and about a foot apart, are basins to

receive the salt water; and under them are furnaces, throughout the whole length, in which immense fires are kept, so that the water in the basins escapes in the form of steam, and leaves the snow-white salt behind. This is taken and thrown into large bins, at the side of the room. It is afterwards packed in barrels, and sent to all parts of the United States.

We commiserated the smiling workman, who, with a face nearly as glowing as the fire he was tending, stood near the furnaces; but he seemed to think, and wisely too, that every kind of work had its inconveniences.

After our visit to the salt-works, we drove round the town. This has been much injured by the cutting down of the trees to supply fuel for the salt-works; but the upper part of it is very pleasant. There is one very handsome church, of sandstone, and several elegant houses. The little lake forms a very pretty feature in the landscape, and is the only water visible. It is called Salina. The greater part of Syracuse is built on a plain; but a steep hill rises behind it, up which residences seem gradually creeping.

The salt-works well repay the half-day which is spent in seeing them; and we should be glad to know that all our young friends might enjoy the opportunity, and hope that the description above has given them some idea of the process by which this important article is manufactured.

ED.

THE Book of Life is a great work. Every year is a volume; every month, a chapter; every week, a page; every day, a paragraph. Study it well. — *Selected.*